

T H E
Fatal Discovery ;
O R,
LOVE in RUINES.

A
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the *Theatre Royal*,

B Y
His M A J E S T Y 's Servants.


With a PREFACE in Answer to a scandalous Copy of Verses, written by Mr. *Dryden*, and prefixt to a Play call'd *Heroick Love*.

*So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man with him's a God or Devil.* Abf. & Achit.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Orme, for R. Wellington, at the *Lute* in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and sold by Percival Gilborne, at the *Harrow*, at the corner of *Chancery-Lane*, and Bernard Lintott, at the *Cross-Keys* in St. Martins-Lane, near Long-Acre. 1698.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

 This week will be publish'd the History of *Polybius the Megalopolitan*, containing an Account of the Affairs of the whole World. Translated by Sir Henry Sheers and Mr. *Dryden*, in three Volumes, the third never before Printed.

Next week will be publish'd the last new Tragedy, call'd *Caligula*. Written by Mr. *Crown*, Author of the Destruction of *Jerusalem*. Printed for Richard Wellington, at the *Lute* in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

THIS Play, and the unknown Author, possibly both of 'em wanting merit enough to appear in full Glory, *viz.* with an *J. Dryden*, in Heroicks, *in laudem Autoris*; however, not to thrust it naked into the World without some Garniture, I shall treat my Reader with a short Anatomy Lecture upon a late notoriously famous piece of Rhime, *viz.* Mr. *Dryden's* Encomium upon the Tragedy call'd *Heroick Love*.

But first, I must desire the Honourable Author of that Ingenious Play, to believe, here's not the least Reflection designed to a Person of his high Quality: No, though with all the natural Confidence of a Player, I am not arrived to the Impudence of a superannuated *Laureat*; that, (as far as his toothless snarle can bite) spares neither *Honour* nor *Quality*, but upon occasion can make even *Monsters* of *Crown'd Heads*.

That Posthumus Offspring of *J. Dryden*, late Esq; (for so I may venture to call it, his Gasping Muse being almost defunct) is all its Daddies own true Begotten, as the very Features and Lineaments will plainly shew; being a true *Dryden* Composition, in all his own celebrated perfections of *Pride*, *Fawning*, and *Scandal*. This Poem, though designed a Carefs to the Honourable Author, however, makes the top Compliment at home; the main flourish upon himself: when with his own long and laudable Vanity, all true *Drydenism*, he gives the Reader to understand, That *J. Dryden* is the very Father of the *Muses*, the Source, Fountain, and Original of Poetry, nay, the *Apollo* himself; when all the Address he has to make this Ingenious and Honourable Author, is, the Resignation of his own Lawrels.

But here, I am afraid, he makes him but a course Compliment, when this great Wit, with his Treacherous Memory, forgets, that he had given away his Lawrels upon Record, no less then twice before, *viz.* once to Mr. *Congreve*, and another time to Mr. *Southern*. Prithee old *Oedipus*, expound this Mystery: Dost thou set up thy own *Transubstantiation* Miracle in the Donation of thy Idol Bays, that thou hast 'em Fresh, New, and whole, to give 'em three times over? Or rather though three times given already, they are so little worth Acceptance, that thou hast 'em still to dispose three score times more upon a Civil occasion. And indeed, 'tis no great wonder to see thee so frisk of thy Favours; thou art always as free of thy Lawrels as thy *Panegyicks*: Thou
hast

The Preface to the Reader.

last 'em ready at all turns for every dear Adored, even an *Oliver* himself: &c. and therefore tis no great surprize to see thee so generous of thy Bays, when thou canst twine 'em for a *Cromwells* Brows.

But as his Poetical *Lamprells* are indeed as Abdicated as his *Honesty*; so read him but a little further, and you'll find his Manners as Antiquated as himself; when amongst a long Scroll of Scurrility upon our Play-house, he tells us, how we *set up a foreign Monster in our Bills to fill our empty Pit*.----'Tis pity this scurrier, if not too crasie for hanging, were not a little lath'd into Civility. 'Tis a sign as little as he loves the Government, he has a great Confidence in the Mercy of it, at this Audacious Rate of Monster-making.

But to lessen some part of our Admiration, we are to consider that he treats all Crowned Heads much alike: For Instance,

*Young Kings are obstinate and win the prize,
And yearly beaten, Yearly yet they rise:
Old Monarchs, tho' successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a Peace and wisely turn devout.*

Here to use the words of a very Ingenious Animadverter, he gives one Prince a Kick on the B--- another a Box on the Ear, and spits in the face of a third.

But omitting the Irreverent Insolence of this Libeller, If it be any such Capital Blot in a Play-house Bill to set up a great Name, to help a small Audience, I would fain ask him, if his Ancient Spectacles, so Critical upon Our House Bills, are not a little oversighted at Theirs. As I take it, I have Read the name (with all respect to the Members of that Honourable Society) of a private Gentleman, the *Comptroller* of the *Temple* in one of their Bills; no Disparagement neither to the Grandeur of their New-Theatre: And therefore I cannot imagine, why any thing, but the Malice and Rancour, the Spirit and Soul of a *Sycorax*, should bellow so loud against us, for the Name of an *English* Nobleman in our Bills, possibly for the Entertainment of the Highest Quality in *Europe*, Our Honour and Pride, not our Tricking and Shame, as this Monster-maker is pleased to render it.

But, for the most mortal stroke against us, he charges us with downright *Murdering of Plays, which we miscall Reviving*. I will not derogate from the merit of those Senior Actors of both Sexes, at the other House, that shine in their several Perfections, in whose lavish praises he is so highly Transported; But at the same time he makes himself but an Arbitrary Judge on our side, to condemn unheard, and that under no less a Conviction than Murder; when I cannot learn (for a fair Judgment upon us) that his Reverend Crutches have ever brought him within our doors since the division of the Companies. 'Tis true, I think we have reviv'd some pieces of *Dryden*, as his *Sebastian*, *Maiden Queen*, *Marriage A-la-mode*, *King Arthur*, &c. But here let us be Try'd by a Christian Jury, the Audience, and not receive the Bowstring from his *Miscellaneous* Grand Seigniorship. 'Tis true, his more particular pique against us, as he has declared himself, is in Relation to our Reviving his *Almanzor*. There indeed he has reason to be angry for our waking that sleeping Dowdy, and exposing his nonsense, not ours; And if that Dish did not please him, we have a Stanch Proverb for our Justification, viz. *'Twas rotten roasted, because, &c.* And the World must expect 'twas very hard crutching up what *Flax* and *Mohun* before us could not prop. I confess he is a little severe when he will allow our best Performance to bear no better Fruit then a *Crab-Vintage*; Indeed if we young Actors spoke but half as sourly, as his Old Gall Scribes, we should be all Crab all over. And so Reader, as you find him, I leave him.

Your Servant, *George Powell*.

PROLOGUE:

Spoke by Mr. *Powell*, in answer to a scurrilous one, spoke against him, at *Betterton's* Booth in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

AS when a nauseous Vizor in the Pit,
Grossly abuses, without Sense or Wit,
All justifie her merited disgrace,
If they unvail the grievance of the place,
And shew the drab in her own ugly face.
So, Gentlemen, we hope for your excuse,
If in Return of a dam'd dull Abuse,
We pluck the Vizor off from i'ther house:
And let you see their natural Grimaces
Affecting Youth with pale Autumnal faces.
Wou'd it not any Ladies Anger move
To see a Child of six y five make Love.
Oh! my Statira! Oh, my angry dear,
Lord, what a dismal sound wou'd that make here: (Grinning like B. Speaking like a Christian.)
Now you must know, I've heard some people say,
Should this House fail, where do you think to Play?
Why thus, in short, my answer I declare,
If we must be overcome, I will take care
Never to be their Prisoner of War:
Nor Tug an Oar at the New Theatre.

Dram-

Drammatis Personæ.

COrnaro,
 Segerdo,
Conall,
Gabinus,
Dandalo.

Mr. Powell.
Mr. Evans.
Mr. Thomas.
Mr. Harland.
Mr. Johnson.

W O M E N.

Beringaria,
Araphia,
Margaretta,
Eromena,
Cleonista,

Mrs. Knight.
Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Verbruggen.
Mrs. Cross.
Mrs. Temple.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beringaria and Arapsia.

Bering. **N**OW, my *Arapsia*, now the time draws near
That I must see the Face I ought to shun,
Because it brings my Shame too near my view,
Yet ought to love it too, my Son, my Son,

My only Darling Son: What can he think
Has made me keep him distant from my sight
Now above Fifteen Years? In spight of all
His begging Letters, that he might return,
Yet still I kept him back. What can I say?
I have forc'd him, by the Duty which he paid me,
To lose ten Years Revenue of his Fortune;
And would have done it still, but he is now
Resolv'd to come: Help me, *Arapsia*, now,
Thou that best know'st my Crime,
I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing him.
What shall I do? he wonders, and has reason,
Why I can thus forget a Mother's Love
To her dear only Son; and yet I do not,
Cannot, nor ever will forget it.

Arap. Madam, why do you discompose your self
For what your Conscience cannot blame you?
It was a fatal Curiosity, 'tis true,
But meant so well.

Bering. 'Twas not well done, excuse it not, *Arapsia*;
'Twas Disobedience was the cause of it:
My cruel Husband left my Bed, thou know'st,
For several Years before; and Heav'n can witness,
'Twas not for any Fault by me committed:
I always was a very humble Wife;
I lov'd him still, for all his great Unkindness,
And try'd all Ways to gain his Heart again,
But 'twas in vain: then you propos'd the way
You thought would do, and that, alas! undid me.
I strove to charm him in another's room,
While Night and Darkness favour'd my Design,
But little thought I entertain'd another.
Curs'd be the Day, the Night, I sought that Remedy:
Why hinder'd I the Pleasures of my Husband,

B

When

When 'twas not in my power to give him any ?
 He us'd me like a dear and only Friend,
 I wanted nothing but a wanton Love :
 I ought t' have been like him, so much himself,
 That my Desires shou'd then have ceas'd with his.
 Women, take care, cross not your Husbands Wills,
 Force not your Kindness when it is distastful,
 'Twill not retrieve their Loves, but bring your Hates.

Arap. Madam, this fatal Accident's a Secret
 No body knows but me, nor guesses at it :
 And I believe you know my Heart so well,
 You cannot doubt my true Sincerity :
 Clear up your Looks, and see your dearest Son ;
 Think what has happen'd was by Heaven's permission,
 Which may have further Ends than we can see.

Ber. Dear, dear *Arapfia*, what is best to do ?
 He comes to night, let all things be prepar'd
 To make him think that he is truly welcome
 (As he indeed is) ; see that *Eromena*
 Be kept out of his sight, I cannot bear
 To see 'em both together : Where's *Cleonista* ?

Arap. I'th' Garden, with my Lady *Marguaretta*.

Ber. To your Discretion I leave all my safety ;
 If Heav'n will bless me to dispose my Son
 According to his Birth, Honour, and Fortune,
 I shall believe Heav'n has not quite forsook me :
 I then, perhaps, may see a Child of his,
 That I may own the Aim of all my Wishes.

Poor *Eromena*,
 Unhappy only in thy Parents ; but no more
 Of that, I find the thought disturbs me.

Arap. Madam, what is your pleasure I should do
 For the reception of your Son ? Your Friends
 And your Relations long to see him,
 And will be here, I do believe, to night,
 All coveting to see how you receive him.

Ber. Let all be done that's fit for me to do ;
 Keep *Eromena* from the Company ;
 I know not why, but I am much disturb'd
 When I but think on her ;
 My Genius does foresee some fatal Accident
 May make me yet more wretched than I am.

Arap. Madam, your Apprehension is not right,
 You do create Unhappiness to your self ;
 Let me advise you once again, remember,
 That which is past we never can recall.
 I will about the business you command,
 Heaven compose your thoughts.

Exit Arapfia.
 (Be-)

Beris. (alone) Heav'n only can,
By pardoning my most unwilling Sin:
See me, ye Pow'rs, a poor and wretched Creature,
Miserable only in offending you,
Tho' most unwillingly;
Why am I punish'd for another's Crime?

Sift all my thoughts, Just Heaven, and thou wilt see
I have no Wish aims at offending thee.

Then let not my Misfortune be my Crime,
But ease my thoughts, and fix 'em only thine;
So may the rest of my unhappy Life
Be free from Conscience, that unconquer'd strife.

Exit Ber.

Scene a Garden. Enter Cleonista and Margaretta.

Cleon. Come, my Dear, methinks I can't call you Aunt, you look so charming, I'm sure you don't look like my Uncle's Wife; What could possess you, with all your Youth and Beauty, to marry my old covetous nasty Uncle?

Marg. The Devil, I think: wou'd I had been hang'd when I entertain'd but the least thought of him; but I had taken it into my Fancy, that an old man would be so fond of me, but now you see how he uses me.

Cleon. Why there 'tis now; had not you better have follow'd the dictates of Nature, which, I am sure, never inclin'd a Woman of eighteen to an old fellow of fourscore? But what has he done to provoke you so this morning?

Marg. Why Cousin, I went into the Garden to gather a Nosegay, and stooping down, I found a piece of Paper, and having little else to do, I walk'd on, and tore it bit and bit; he follow'd me as fast as his old limping Legs could carry him, and has taken a conceit, that it was a Billet-deux sent to me, or hid in some Bush in the Garden; and, thank my Stars, he's now breaking his Back with looking under every Leaf that can but hide the bigness of a Cockleshell.

Cleon. Methinks this Adventure should make you forgive the Occasion that is his Jealousie, since I think he has chosen a Punishment as bad as any one could wish him, considering his Years.

Marg. There's nothing bad enough for him. Well, I will rail so much when I see him, I'll make him hate me so, he shall let me alone to do what I will.

Cleon. Have a care what you do, for since you are truly virtuous, you would be thought so; and, I dare say, your Discretion tells you, this is not the way to keep up that Character, by provoking him to expose both himself and you.

Marg. Why what would you have me do? Have you seen in your Life but the least sign of Fault in me? Have I given him but the least cause for Distrust? therefore I here resolve to take my own way, and at least to make my self merry with my Misfortune; I'll be as imperious as a jealous Woman that has been faulty her self before Marriage, and just come

to the honour of the title of Wife ; I will give him more false Occasions to believe I abuse him, than a City Wife can give her Husband true ones : therefore, dear Cousin, aid and assist me in this honest Design, for you shall know all my Intrigues so, that you may justify me when it is gone far enough.

Cleon. Well, Madam, I leave it to your Discretion, and in all justifiable Actions I will be ready to serve you as sincerely as my self, and I am sure you can have no other.

Marg. I thank you Madam : Oh, here comes your Lover *Gabinus*, *Segerdo* too, and *Capt. Conall* : Now, were I resolv'd to humour my Husband, must I immediately go up to my Chamber, there sit and work with my Maids ; but, as my Resolution is, I am resolv'd to stay and see the Effects of sweet Liberty.

Enter Gabinus, Segerdo, and Capt. Conall.

Your Servant Gentlemen.

Gab. Your Servant Madam ; yours, Madam, and always so, and may I every morning see you thus, thus beauteous as a new-blown Flower, and chearful as the Spring.

Cleon. My Lord, you're in a pleasant humor, and I think I shall do well to keep it up ; in order to which, I'll let you know here stands the happiest Wife in the World, so chang'd, so resolv'd upon true Liberty, nay, so real Mistress of it. ———

Gab. Why, is her Husband dead ?

Cleon. No, no, but his Authority is ; she has laid aside the *Italian* Custom of Slavery, and is assuming an *English* Freedom of the Wives there.

Gab. But how will she bring it about ?

Cleon. We must all assist her, she'll tell you her way, which well manag'd, must needs do. Come hither *Capt. Conall*, could you find in your Heart to make Love to my Aunt in Jest, for I guess her Design turns upon that Hinge ?

Con. Yes, and in earnest too, if she'll give me leave.

Cleon. Then you are not the man for our purpose, for I am not carrying the Jest too far.

Marg. Pray, Cousin, let me chuse my own Man to make my use of, which will require a little time to consider of ; let me have but a few Words with this melancholy Gentleman, and I'll let you know what Resolution I shall take.

Con. Nay, if she fixes upon him, she's in a fine condition indeed, for I am deceiv'd if his Inclinations are not so fix'd, as never to be in humor to jest with another.

Cleon. See, see, she's made him smile ; poor Gentleman, I truly pity him.

Con. You would, I'm sure, if you knew so much of him as I do, how he will walk whole hours and not speak a word, and when he speaks, he talks of *Eromena* ; his Passion is now grown to such a height, that when he's with his Father, by accident he talks of *Eromena*. His Father's almost distracted to see his Fancy, or his headstrong Fate, to lead him to a Love
so

so much beneath him : He kept it from his Father's Knowledge as long as he could, but now he knows it, he grows careless, and gives his Passion greater Liberty : I wish she could find some way that might answer her Ends, and divert him, if possible.

Marg. My Lord, I have observ'd and known your passion for the fair *Eremina*, and tho' I could advise you to the contrary, yet since I see your Love has held long, and that there is small hopes it should ever be remov'd, I offer you my Service to assist you to move the stubborn Heart of that fair Maid : But as you have heard the Design I have to cure my Husband's causeless Jealousie, so I entreat you to make use of me ; send all your Letters to me, let all your Visits be to me, I live in the House with her, and will take care she always shall be with me when you come, so shall I serve your Love, if you can succeed ; and you may, as Ple contrive it, be a means to ease a wretched Wife of all her Miseries.

To Segerdo.

Seg. Madam, what your Designs are I am a stranger to, but you have brib'd me by so dear a way, I never will dispute with your commands : But, alas ! she has forbid me ever to write, ever to speak, nay, ever to see her more. O ! I lose all the shew of Manly Resolution, and sink beneath my Sorrows when I think on't : I came this morning, thinking to take my last Farewel, if it must be my last, but you have reviv'd a little my poor hopes.

Marg. I will consider, my Lord, of some means that may be for your service, and, I hope, for mine.

Gab. Well, my Lord, has fair *Margaretta* imparted her Design to you, for we are not worthy of it ? You look a little livelier than you did.

Con. I never saw this Beauty that is so happy to charm my Lord *Segerdo* ; pray, Madam, do me the Favour to let me know who she is, I have heard something of her being a Foundling, but never any thing else.

Cleon. Sir, she is a Foundling, my Mother going into the Country for a little Air, just before my Father dy'd, found this young creature thrust out by an unnatural Parent into the World, laid in a little Cradle, with a Note writ on't, I think these were the words :

*A wretched Birth has been thy Doom,
Do thou prevent the Ill's to come.*

My Father died before my Mother did return, but when she came, she brought the little Creature with her, and she did prove to me a good Companion, I was not above three or four Years older : my Mother took great care of her, and scarce did make a difference 'twixt us in any thing. Truly I think she wants nothing but the addition of Birth and Fortune to make her compleat in all things ; she has a sweet Disposition, discreet to a wonder for one of her Years, and is Mistress of all Qualifications that belong to a Woman of Quality, and I often believe her such. — Oh madam ! I see my Uncle ; now let's see what you'll do.

Enter

Enter Dandalo.

Your Servant Uncle ; my Aunt and I have been taking the sweets of the Morning.

Dan. I suppose the Morning might have smelt as well without my Wives company ; pray go by your self for the future, unless you'd have me believe your Morning Walks are to produce Evening Wakes : Thou little careless Chit, can't you be contented to have your Fellows by your self ? methinks you shou'd ; and you ought to be a little more caution'd, for the honour of your Family, than help to make your own Uncle a Cuckold. But where's my Wife ? Oh, there she is, with my Lord *Segerdo* ; that's well enough, he has got the Matrimonial Maggot in his Head for *Eromena*, so I believe I may trust her with him ; and yet how know I, but he may bring Letters from somebody else, for these loving Fools are all apt to pity one another.

Gab. Sir, your Servant ; I hear my Lord *Cornaro* returns from Travel to night ; I shall rejoice to see him, I hear he's a compleat Gentleman, pray, Sir, do you expect him ?

Dan. Yes, Sir, I shall be glad on't, not only for the natural Cause of his being a Relation, but for the Charge he'll take off my hands. My Sister has made me manage his Estate in his absence, much against my will, but 'twas to serve her.—— pray Wife go up into your Chamber, I wou'd speak with you, I must speak with you.

Marg. I know your Business, and I think it may be done at any time as well as now.

Dan. You won't go up then ? Don't provoke me to expose you and my self before Company.

Marg. You can't expose me more than I have my self.

Dan. I believe so ; a rare Character you give your self ! what, have you writ an Answer to the Letter you found in the Garden ? or, has the party been here to take it by word of mouth ?

Marg. In short, Sir, I will not go up to be lock'd into my Chamber, this is a Night of rejoycing, I will stay and see my Cousin *Cornaro* ; and I am sure my Lady *Berengaria* will not think the worse of me for it ; if you don't like it, pray stay and watch me, for I am resolv'd to have some comfort of my Life for all my uneasiness.

Cleon. Come Sir, don't deny so reasonable a Request.

Dan. Well, well, I must not say much now, but when I have her in my clutches, I will fit her. *(Aside.)*

Enter Eromena, crosses the Stage and goes off, Segerdo follows.

Cleon. So, so ; my Lord *Segerdo* has follow'd his Heart, which the young Lady has got from him, *Conada*, she's really very handsom ; pray Heav'n he ever get it again.

Gab. I see him yonder, see, she shuns him, and comes this way to make him lose the opportunity of speaking to her : pray, Ladies, let us befriend a poor unhappy Lover, and quit this place ; let us retire, and visit my Lady *Berengaria*, whom, I warrant, longs to see her Son, and
thinks

thinks this day the longest that has come.

Exeunt all but Dan.

Dan. So, so, my Wife begins to shew her self already, but what can I do to get her under my dominion again, my devilish Niece has instructed her, but I will contrive a way if possible to put her out of conceit with young Fellows, as well as punish my Niece: I'll make her I don't know what yet, but if I see the Fellows hanker after her, I am afraid I shall not follow my policy. Well something is in my head that I hope will do me good against this invincible Plague a young Wife. Well, I was mad in my old age, else I shou'd never have marry'd, and set up a Trade to break so soon: So here comes another that has a mind to be dabbling with Matrimony, would he were as old as I, that I might see one Man more as wretched as my self, and I should be contented.

(Exit. Dan.)

Enter Eromena followed by Segerdo.

Seg. Fair *Eromena* do not fly from me,
I have no design to prejudice your Honour;
Were I a Ravisher you could do no more.
Look on me once, behold my Youth,
Take pitty of my sufferings, you know I love you,
Fairest *Eromena*, and cause I love, don't
Tyranize too much.

Ero. My Lord, you cannot call it so in me,
But friendship rather: I fly from you
With a design to cure you of this Passion,
Your only Curse: how wretched shou'd I make you,
Shou'd I receive this Love? No, no, my Lord,
I know my self too well ever to listen to you,
My most unhappy Fate ne'r design'd me yours.
Think who I am, a stranger to the World,
Born in obscurity, may be basely born,
Remember that.

And may it bring back all your generous Thoughts.

Seg. I have thought, I've thought on all that you can say,
Use not your Eloquence in such a Cause,
And think not Heav'n trusted you with Wit
To use it 'gainst your self, like a self Murderer:
I can find no effects in what you say,
But Love increasing, wracking my poor heart;
You have poured your charming Poyson
Thro' my Eyes into my breast:
And now you see the mischief you have done,
You would destroy the Bowel, you show your
Friendship but 'tis now too late.

Ero. I shew my duty still, and will persist in't,
All you can say can never change my mind.

Seg. There's something in my Person or my Humour
That turns your heart against me: Tell me,

Q tell

O tell me what it is, if 'tis my Humour,
 I'll change it even to the low submission
 Of a Slave;
 I'll lie whole hours, whole days beneath your Feet
 And hear my faults, and learn the way to mend 'em.
 I wish I could as easily change my Person,
 If 'tis what you can't like; but oh! remember
 To make up these faults, my Heart, my Soul
 And Life, all, all, is yours.
 Were you what you could
 With your self in all things, in Birth,
 In Fortune, Beauty, you cannot wish for more.
 Could you with me submit to lead your Life
 Before the rest of all the Youth you have seen?

Ero. My Lord, I have something in my nature
 (Let my unhappy Birth be what it will)
 That scorns deceit: Therefore I think
 It is my duty now to speak the Truth.
 Were I what you could wish me be in all things,
 In Quality or Fortune; or were you willing
 (As you seem to be) to take me as I am,
 And make me yours, I here protest
 I think I could not love you.

Seg. What need of further questions?
 This is enough to cut off all dispute:
 Yet I will ask you one more, and 'tis I think
 The last, since you have gone so much
 Beyond my wish, add to your cruel
 Generosity, and tell me truly do you
 Love elsewhere? if so, I have nothing else
 To do but to try to break the Fetters
 You have given me, or else
 Sink with the weight.

Ero. My Lord, I do assure you, by all my hopes
 In Heav'n or Earth, I do not.

Seg. Then there is hopes still.

Ero. None my Lord, there's none.
 I owe you more than ever to deceive you.

Seg. Strange resolution! not love elsewhere,
 And yet never love me:
 Who knows but your generous Heart
 After the thousand services I shall pay,
 May Love again.

Ero. My Lord, you have no faults,
 I am my self the greatest fault, by my own lost Condition;
 Were I of Quality equal to yours,
 My heart might then have the same Inclinations.

Ero. Take

Ero. Take then the
 Last and only answer left, of all mankind.
 I find I cannot like you.
 Sure I am reserved for some unhappy Fortune,
 For were I not, I cou'd not be so blind :
 I am thrust into the World against my will,
 And all my Actions have the same force o're me ;
 It is against my will I shew you Scorn ;
 It is against my will that I refuse you,
 For I must own my self so much to blame.

Seg. Enough, enough, you've struck a
 Thousand Daggers to my Heart, I have no
 Hope, now, raise me some Rival, Heav'n !
 As much despis'd as I am, that I may shew
 What I could do to gain her.

Ero. Farewell, my Lord, I've held too long Discourse,
 For which I hope you will not Censure me,
 Nor think it but a Womans Policy,
 For I shall soon convince you of the Contrary :
 Once more Farewell most worthy Nobleman,
 That can in contradiction to the World
 Find out a Charm in honest Poverty :
 May this most unexampl'd Generosity
 Prevail with Heaven to change
 This wretched Love to one so mean as me,
 Into a Passion for some happier Maid ;
 And if not so, may all Heav'n's Glory shine
 Into thy Soul, and make your Love Divine.

Seg. Turn yet once more, behold me at your Feet,
 Oh ! do not force me for your wondrous goodness,
 To Curse my self, for this most wretched Fate :
 Must I ne'er see you more, what shall I say ?
 Oh ! do not look with all that coldness on me :
 Farewell then Cruel Maid, I hope for ever
 'Tis false, I do not wish it, never can,
 But will persist to love you to my Death.
Thus on my Knees I beg of Heaven for thee,
It won't Revenge thy ridged Cruelty,
But Love thee still, tho' thou'rt unkind to me,
Ne'r may you feel the Torments I have born,
Nor have your Faithful Love repaid with scorn.

(Exeunt. }

The End of the First A C T.

C

A C T

A C T II. Scene a Hall.

Enter Arapsia with several Servants.

PRAY Gentlemen be all in readiness, is all the Musick come? The Dancers and all the rest that are to entertain the Company with the Masque.

Serv. Yes Madam.

Ara. Go then and see all be done in order, remember you have a Noble Lord now to serve (*Exeunt Servants*) So now the time draws near, and he is coming. How wretched 'tis to have so nice a Conscience, the fault is none of hers, and yet she suffers in a most unequall'd Torture of her Mind?

Enter Eromena.

Come fair *Eromena*, do not look sad, nor think because my Lord is coming 'twill take away any of that kindness my Lady has ever shewn you.

Ero. Madam, shou'd she take all her Favours from me, I had no reason to complain; I am her Debtor, and so little likely ever to pay again, that 'tis but Justice not to let me run too much o'th' Score.

Ara. Take care still to preserve that grateful temper of owing your misfortunes, by which means you keep in mind the Obligations that are laid upon you. Come, don't Sigh!

Ero. I cannot help it, what I am I know not, but this I know, my soul disdains the very thoughts of Baseness; and yet I am not ashamed of Misery, since it has given a Noble Lady a glorious opportunity to shew the first of Heavenly Virtues, Charity.

Ara. No more, I spoke not to afflict you, nor raise a bashful thought of Poverty, to check your Nobler Thoughts; She that loves Virtue for its own sake, and not for Policy, is rich enough in all things.

Enter Cleonista and Margaretta.

Cleo. *Arapsia*, I heard a noise below, I believe my Brother's come, or some of the Strangers that are to be here, pray enquire. (*Exit Arap.* *Margaretta*, I long to see my Brother, I hear a mighty Character of him as to his Person and Temper: Pray do you take care to guard your Heart, for all you are my Uncles Wife, I can't swear you won't wish for my Brother.

Marg. Faith, if I do wish for him, he'll be the first of Men that I ever wish'd for, for the sake of their Persons yet.

Cleo. Nay truly one wou'd think so by the choice you made of my Uncle.

Marg. Well, Madam, you may say what you please of my Husband and your Uncle, but I wish his Person and Years were his only Faults.

Cleo. Truly

Cleo. Truly I think they are faults enough, without any other additions. *Eromena*, come, you shall in with us.

Ero. Pardon me, Madam, I am not fit to appear before your Great Relations in this homely garb of being unknown, it may be they may think me what I am, a Beggar, and take it as too great a Confidence to come into their Presence.

Cleo. Fye *Eromena*, I did not think you cou'd have made so weak an excuse; are you a Companion fit for me and not for them: Come, you shall go, your Beauty will make you valued, together with the Virtue that I believe waits on you in all your Actions.

Ero. Madam, you Command, and I Obey in all. (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

Scene draws and discovers Beringaria, Cleonista, Margaretta, Gabinus, Segerdo, Dandalo, Arapsia, Eromena, who stands behind Beringaria's Chair with several Gentlemen, and Captain Conall.

Ber. Gentlemen, I give you many thanks for doing me and my Son this Honour, and must own to you I did not think Heaven had so great a Blessing now remaining for me; this is the only joy I ever can receive.

Gab. Fye Madam, your Joys are many that you have to come, your Son will bring you the Joy of seeing him a Compleat Gentleman: you'll live a new life in him, to see him happily Married to some Noble Lady, to see his pretty Children play about you, and a thousand pleasures you cannot guess at yet.

Ber. No more than you can at the Torment (*Aside.*) that lies about my Heart, (*Arapsia*) be near me still, I find my courage fail me, and I fear I shan't so well support myself as not to want your aide.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord is come, just lighted at the Gate.

Dan. Conduct him up, how do you Sister?

Gab. Only a little overjoy'd.

Enter Cornaro, runs to Ber. and Kneels.

Cor. Thus let me Kneel and beg your Blessing, Madam, and then let me blest all those Heavenly Powers that have thro many dangers brought me back safe to the best of Mothers. (*Ber. Swoons.*) Alas! my Mother! look to her Ladies, she is not well.

Dan. Her overjoy to see you has wrought this strange effect, she'll soon recover.

Ber. Let me embrace him, oh! my Dear, Dear, Son, it is not sure a fault to Kifs him now, nor to Embrace him is it? speak all, I wou'd not willingly commit a crime, I never did a willfull one indeed, and hope all I can do that's kind, and all I have done will not meet a Censure. *Ber. runs to him, he kneels again.*

Cor. Madam, I owe to you a double Duty, my Fathers Death has plac'd it all in you, and may I be as curs'd as hateful Disobedience e're can make me, when I forget to pay to the most nice degree all that I owe you.

Dan. Sir, I must now bid you wellcome, and believe me Nephew, I am truly glad to see you. And so I'm afraid is my Wife ; how she stares upon him !

(*Aside.*

Cleo. Sir, have you forgot you had a Sister, which tho' she was but young when she parted from you, has heard enough of your Perfections to love you tho' unknown, accept her welcome too.

Cor. Dearest Sister, pardon my ignorance, I shou'd have flown into your tender Arms to shew my joy, had I but known you first ; but don't think me a less loving Brother.

Cleo. Now do I know by my silly Uncles looks he's afraid my Brother shou'd see his Wife, but I'll tease him. Brother, here's a relation as much a stranger to you as I was, an Aunt of yours.

Cor. How ! this Lady my Aunt ? she does not look like my Mothers Sister.

Cleo. No, nor your Uncles Wife, but yet she is so.

Dan. Yes Nephew, I have play'd the Fool in my old age and have married.

Cor. I give you joy, Sir, and you Fair Lady, this Gentlewoman I know but cannot call to mind.

Cleo. My Mothers Woman, Brother, one that I am sure remembers you, and is glad to see you.

Cor. I beg your Pardon Sister, who's that young Lady stands behind my Mother. Is she a Relation too ?

Cleo. Oh Brother, have you found out her, I'll take a time to tell you who she is.

Cor. Madam, I count my self most truly happy to see so many Friends about me.

But above all that I once more see you and my Dear Sister.

Let it not take from the respect I ever bore you my most kind Relations, that I prefer them two.

Eer. My Son, to shew thee and all the World.

The real joy I have to see you,
Notwithstanding many here have believ'd
It unkind in me to keep you so long abroad,
I here declare I do esteem this happy
Meeting the only wish I had remaining ;
And to Celebrate this joyful Night,
I have provided something, I hope will entertain
You. — Sit my most Worthy Friends.

Here follows the Masque. Segerdo stands by Eromena, Cornaro often looks back. After the Masque's ended.

Seg. What not one look, one last farewell,
Do not refuse to see me when I am Dead,
As I soon shall be, and 'tis my only wish
When I'm dead to have you once behold

This

This wretched Body, and wish I had not met
So hard a Fate.

Ero. You have my eternal wishes for your safety
And success in every thing, but me :
Pray my Lord no more, the place
Is inconvenient.

Cor. My Lord, tho' I am but a Stranger at present,
Yet I presume to bid you truly welcome,
And shall wish a greater friendship with you :
I never saw I think so Fair a Creature.

Mar. Sure, if I mistake, not my new Cozen eyes *Ercmena*
A little more than ordinary, and methinks
I am vext at it, what can it mean, I am sure
I can have no design upon him my self,
But yet I'll observe a little.

Ber. Cornaro, this Gentleman my Lord *Gabinus*
Is a Lover of your Sister, and has my consent
For his Marriage, which was only deferr'd
For your return ; your Sister will be glad
Of your approbation.

Cor. Madam, you are the only judge, and my consent
Must follow yours : What says my Sister ?
Is't your own desire, come do not blush :
'Tis no dishonour to you to wish to marry
With the Man you like.

Ber. Let us remove out of this place,
I do believe your Supper waits you.

Ara. Madam, it does.

Ber. Come Son, your Journey may have discompos'd you,
We'll make what haste we can to give
You rest : this is the way.

Cor. Madam, I wait on you. (*Exeunt all but Seg. and Ercmena.*)

Ero. What sudden Passion's this I feel ?
A strange uneasiness has seiz'd upon me,
Something disquiets me, but I know not what :
Segredo here, I am vext, I am disturb'd,
For I would think a little, but upon what I know not.

Seg. Madam, you seem as if some unwelcome thought
Had discompos'd the calmness of your mind.
I only stay'd to offer you my Service,
It may be you believe you shall not now
Have from the Lady *Beringaria* that former
Kindness which you did possess, if you think so,
Accept from me the benefits you want,
I ask for nothing in return but your acceptance.

Ero. My Lord, you do mistake my Looks,
I know of nothing of those fears you speak of,

And

And shou'd be most ungratefull to believe 'em,
But I must thank you for your offer'd favour,
Tho' that wou'd be a wretched Fate indeed,
Shou'd I be forc'd to accept them.

Seg. It is then such a misery to receive
The favours of a Man asks no return.
The time will come, pardon the Prophecy,
When you shall wish you had receiv'd my friendship,
And even then it shall not be deny'd,
But flung beneath your Feet to tread upon,
Sure that will Conquer your Obdurate Heart :
I take my leave and will no more disturb you,
But happy in the thought I once may serve you,
Shall now enjoy all satisfaction I can have without
You, let that time come good Heaven,

*That to my Bosome she may fly for aid,
And I may help the mourning lovely Maid.*

(Exit Segerdo.

Ero. How wretched is my Fortune thus lost to my
Self? those unhappy Parents that brought me to the
World, had better have bestow'd a burying on me,
Tho' it had been alive, than sent me here
To be the object of all Peoples Charity ;
This Man, because he thinks I want it,
Dares to hope my Poverty may more prevail
Than natural inclination for his Love,
Love! What is Love? I never felt it yet :
Why do I sigh to name it?

A sad and melancholy thought possesses me,
Oh! woeful State! no Friend, Father, or Mother
To ease my loaded heart in their dear Bosomes,
And sigh my Sorrows to their tender Councils :
Heav'n be my Guide! which only can be so.
Lend me a Clue to pass this Forrest World,
And give me Virtue to escape those Briars
Which cover'd o'er with Roses look so Fair :

*Give me a Heart submitting to thy Will,
And Blest or Wretched to obey thee still.*

Exit Ero.

Enter Margaretta followed by Capt. Conall.

Mar. Nay, nay, for Heav'n's sake Captain do not follow me, for my
Husband will be after me in an instant.

Con. Let him come, what care I; look ye, you'll be used scurvily enough
for being with me: He'll ne'er believe you have us'd me as you have
done: it shall be my business for the future, to make your Husband be-
lieve what he fears is really come to pass.

Mar. Really

Mar. Really Captain, let him think what he will, it will never turn to your advantage with me ; therefore let me entreat you to be good-natur'd, and not help to make my life more uneasy than it is.

Con. And you wou'd really have me go ? I know you'll say so, but I know your Sex too well to believe you, this seeming aversion you Women use to try your Power as you call it, 'tis a foolish Policy in your Condition, for whilst you are keeping off, in expectation of more pains taking on my side to Court you, the end of my Courtship will be quite blown up ; your Husband will be here, and prevent the bewitching answer of I'll see you another time, and convince you, you are deceived, ever to believe I can be prevail'd upon, and then tell me the Dear Place, consider you have but a little time, and come to this kind answer ; and suppose I have said all you could ever expect from the most true sincere Adorer you can ever have.

Mar. So, Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for your good opinion, but assure your self, you will meet with no such kind answer from me, therefore pray leave me before you force me to use you worse than will be proper for me to do, or you to receive.

Con. And can you have so much of Folly, and so little of the Woman, really to refuse the Love of a young Fellow, and have such a wretched old nasty Husband, gad, well thought on, now I think on't, you are obliged to me for making love to you ; for no body but I would accept of you after such a Monster.

Mar. You shall not have the making him a Monster : But pray, Sir, leave me, or I must quit the place.

Con. And will you really hold this Opinion, that you are obliged to value that thing called a Husband ? then now hear me, and see what effect your Justice will be. I will Torment you wherever you go, Plague you with Letters, throw them into your Window, if you wont receive them, you shall not dare to peep abroad, but you shall meet some-body or other, that shall solicit you in my behalf, and if all the ways which I can think on take no effect, I'll to the last Revenge of a disappointed Lover, Swear I have had all I wish'd to have, report it so privately publick, it shall be one of the greatest Secrets was ever known by the whole Town, and at last it will infallably come to your Husbonds ear, and then you know what follows.

Mar. To answer your good-natur'd threat, know, that there is no Secret you mean to render, but shall be privately publick before-hand : and for my Husband, perhaps I shou'd be glad he really believed what you threaten, but to let you see how much you mistake the way to gain any thing with me ; know, that it is to make my self easie, I condescend to be uneasy. 'Tis something mystical I confess, as most Women are, but my real design, time will best explain. So, Sir, I hope I have convinced you, how little to the purpose all your Revenge will be, and take my leave. Your Servant.

(*Exit Margareta.*)

Con. So,

Corn. So, she really believes I have some grand design upon her. But Faith she's mistaken, for I have no design but that which most young Fellows have upon every Pretty Woman they see: And yet, Pox on her, her seeming resistance, tho' I know it to be such, is a greater inducement than I have found lately. The Women make themselves too cheap to be valued, and the easiness of the worst of 'em makes the best not minded, If I thought I could not easily compass this business, it would make me wonderful diligent: well, I have a mind to try her, and if I find

*She Cannot long enough preserve the Field,
I'll think no Woman but in time must yield.*

(Exit *Cornall*.)

A C T III.

SCENE A Bed-Chamber, Cornaro alone.

TO night no doubt, has been a night of rest to all but me, for a long Journey, a long Entertainment, Friends and Feasting; the true content of seeing my Dear Mother, and all my dearest Kindred, has not been able to compose my mind, or make me lose my self in one hours sleep. What should the reason be, fain I would say, I know not, but I find I am too full of the sight of that young Charming Maid.

Enter Cleonista.

Cleon. Good Morrow, Brother, you see I take the Privilege Of a Relation, in visiting you thus early: But, I hope, dear Brother, you will not think It too great a Freedom; For, tho' you are my Brother, Our Acquaintance has been so short as might A little check this forwardness.

Corn. Dear Sister, I hope you'll not repent of your good Nature, To a Brother that is really a stranger to this part o'th' World; You must inform me all things: Who is that my Uncle has married, She seems a pretty good humour'd Woman.

Cleon. Why, truly Brother, I think o'my Conscience If she had not more Patience than Beauty, She could never away with her uneasy Life: For my own part, it has almost turn'd my heart Against Matrimony; and all that keeps up any fancy that way, Is the Consideration, that 'tis impossible for a young Man To have the humours of an old one; or, at least, They won't look so wretchedly at five and twenty, As at almost five score.

Corn.

Corn. But pray who is that young Creature I saw last night,
You promised to inform me.

Cleon. O, Brother, have a care, let not your Eyes be Charm'd
With that fair Maid, for she will never grant
You any Favour she may not give with Honour :
Besides, it would be cruelty indeed to seek to gain
Her heart ; for shou'd you do't, you'd kill a poor
Unhappy Gentleman ? My Lord *Sigerdo* doats
On each look, each frown she gives, as for
A Wife, I know you must despise her,
And so must all your Friends—But I'll tell
You more as we walk this morning.

Corn. Is my Mother come out of her Chamber ?

Cleon. No, nor never does till some hours after this
Time, nor sees any body, let the Occasion be what it
Will : The time twist this and then, I will employ
Intelling you poor *Eromena's* story.

Corn. Come Sister, let us walk then, for I really long
To know it, and believe I have a thousand pleasures
In seeing you thus good to one in misery ;
For sure we ought to pity one another,
And 'tis one of the most excellent gifts we have to
Bestow Favours on all those whom Virtue
Recommends.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Margareta, followed by Dandalo.

Dan. Well Wife ! how do you like Liberty.
You see I am a very complaisant Husband,
And gave way when I saw you engag'd.

Mar. Sir !

Dan. Lord bless us ! you seem to be very ignorant.
I warrant you don't remember your discourse
With Captain *Conall* after Supper :

You did not believe, I suppose, that I was so near you.

Mar. Sir, I have done nothing to be afraid of your
Knowledge, and since you pretend to know so much,
I wish you knew all.

Dan. Knew all ! Lord bless me ; it would be very hard indeed if the
Husband did not know all : But, you are afraid, I suppose, that I should
know more than I like.

Mar. Nay, how can it be otherwise — You can like nothing, or at
least you seem to like nothing, for you desire nothing.

Dan. If I did desire any thing, you are not able to supply me, unless
with something I did not want, that is, a false heart, which is the only
substantial thing thou hast ; for in thy self thou art really nothing, and
art Good for nothing.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have made nothing of my self.

Dan. Why, thou only true Image of a *Lucifer* in Petticoats, why didst thou marry me, if thou thoughtst me so insignificant.

Mar. Because I did not think you so insignificant as I found you, I thought you significant enough for my purpose.

Dan. What to be made a Cuckold? Look you, Mistress, If you thought that, you were mistaken, For I can no more bear to be a Cuckold, Than a Blazing Star, and shou'd think it Altogether as unlucky.

Mar. I am of Opinion, you'll make a Cuckold sooner than a Blazing Star.

Dan. O, thou Devil sent to torment me.
You know my destiny that way
Better than any one under the Sun,
And 'tis a great deal of pity it should be
So much in your hands (oh! I am running
Out of all bounds, and shall forget my design)
And yet, my dear, since a Man's honour must
Be trusted with some body, I could not have put mine
Into the hands of any body that wou'd have used it better.

Mar. I believe so too?

Dan. What, then I suppose I deserve all the ill usage you can put upon me.

Dan. All I shall put upon ye, you deserve.

Dan. Very well; Then I am to be a Cuckold by means of my own merit.

Mar. I suppose so, for your destiny may over-rule mine.

Dan. A rare excuse for making a Cuckold, truly;
So then, the fault is mine, not yours?

O Marriage, thou Bane to mankind:

The first unhappy wretch that drew that Lot

Had the excuse, not to have seen before:

But all the rest that in the snare are caught

Have nought but shame and folly at their door.

(Exit. *Dan.*

Mar. Do you rail for nothing; then what will you do
When you have reason indeed—O, silly Men?

I never in my Life observed but she that injur'd

Her Husband, took still care to hide it,

And was secure whilst the poor sincere and vertuous

Wife pleas'd in her Innocence, lay liable to real Censure

Husband, I have one tryal of your patience to make,

And if it answer my expectation, I shall have reason

To bless your present causeless jealousy.

Enter Segerdo.

Seg. Madam, the favours you have promis'd
Are too much the business of my heart:

Ever

Ever let me rest without pursuing them ;
You have drawn this constant trouble on your self
By your exceeding goodness.

Mar. My Lord, I shall be glad if I can serve you,
Tho' I fear I cannot do it now? I did expect
You wou'd be here this morning, and sent my Woman
To *Eromena*, to desire her to walk with me :
But I understand she has had but ill rest to night,
And will keep her Chamber longer than is usual.

Seg. Can sleep be churlish and not stay with her :
I cannot blame it then for leaving me.
Love still has fears, but sure the worst are mine ?
I fear, dear Madam, *Cornaro's* slain in Love
With *Eromena*, I have a way to find if it be true ;
I could not rest last night for thinking of it ———
I see him coming : Dear Madam, contrive to leave
Me with him.

Enter Cornaro, and Cleonista.

Cor. So sad a story and so good a Character
Of one so young, I have not heard indeed,
And dearest Sister, let me beg you to continue
All your goodness to her ; I will in all I can
Oblige you to it ——— Is not that my Aunt ———
My Lord, and Madam, I beg your pardon,
I did not see you sooner.

Mar. My Lord, I hope you'll pardon me for leaving you a little, but
'tis in so good Company, you may have more reason to be angry for my
return than going ——— Cozen give me leave to talk with you for a Quar-
ter of an hour ——— Your Servant, (Exeunt *Mar. and Cleon.*)

Seg. My Lord, I fear I do disturb you :
Lovers are always troublesome, even to themselves
And then much more to others that have no relish
Of what their pleasure is ——— I do presume
You are no Lover, Sir?

Cor. If I were Sir, your Example wou'd not
Encourage me to continue so : for I understand
The pleasure you find is very little.
But, my Lord, has this fair Creature never given you hope? Has she
still us'd her Rigour and disdain.

Seg. Too sure, she's as always told me her Aversion, but I must Love her
still ——— Love and Disdain have both possession in me ; Love bids me
Court her still, with humbleness : Despair tells me Love will not pre-
vail, and bids me try some other way to get her in my power, for since
she does not love elsewhere, her Virtue will instruct her to forgive an
action occasion'd by Despair and Love.

Cor. You will not ravish her?

Seg. Far be the thoughts of such an Act from me.

D 2

Cor.

Cor. What do you mean then?

Seg. I wou'd by your assistance take her away from hence, and wou'd desire your Family not to take notice of her, that she may believe herself forsaken by all the World but me. Then sure she wou'd consent that I might have her.

Cor. And wou'd you have me Connive at such an Action? I do excuse you, Sir, for the shortness of our acquaintance has not inform'd you that *Cornaro's* Soul would not shut out a Dog that once has had protection here, much less a fair unfortunate young Maid.

Seg. And do you, Sir, resent nothing but this, has *Eromena* no share in all your anger? why do you blush, my Lord? 'Tis no Crime, nor Wonder neither for a young Lord to Love a Beauteous Lady.

Cor. He has touch'd me to the Soul.

(*Aside.*

Seg. My Lord, because indeed I cannot rest, if I shou'd think the World believ'd me guilty of such an Action, as you heard just now — I'll tell you all the truth. Last night I saw you, Sir, at your Return from your long Travel; you saw me too, I do believe, and jealous Love, which always sees too much, made me observe your Eyes, and all your motions; I saw you were in Love, I do believe, e'er you could know't your self. This was the reason why I came this morning, and by this story have forc'd you to shew too much Concern not to be really in Love with Charming *Eromena*.

Cor. Why wou'd you know this?

Seg. Because like some unhappy wretches my wants make me the greater Prodigal. I had but little peace, and now have thrown e'en that away. Oh! *Eromena*! Cruel *Eromena*!

Cor. Fair, Charming, Lovely *Eromena*,
What does those words tell you my Lord,

Seg. That I am lost, for she will sure Love you,
But when she does remember this, my Lord,
The moment that you take her for your Wife
My life must end.

I can live without her, all my desire is, I may
Take leave of her and never see her more.

Cor. My Lord, I promise you the thing you ask;
Tho', may be, I shall have no greater Comfort
Than sighing at her feet in vain as you have.
What is there in her heart that's so impenetrable;
That she cou'd e'er resist such merit, and how
Can I presume to hope, when you have been deny'd?

Seg. Flatter me not, my Lord, you shine above me,
In every thing can Charm the Young and Fair,
Pitty me rather, that am forc'd to own
My Rival, will deserve all he can wish?
Farewell, my Lord, be generous to one wou'd wish
Your Friendship, were you not his Rival:

Let me but know how my misery shou'd increase
And I'll take care it shall not want it's due :

*And think to check the happiness you'll have,
That your success must send me to my Grave.*

Exeunt.

Enter Eromena with a Book in hand.

Ero. Oh ! Restless night, or rather restless Love
For day I find no kinder than the night :
Reading, the soft deluder of the mind,
Is now no Friend to me, but rather does increase
What I wou'd shun. Books make us read
What we wou'd blush to hear, the pleasing tales of Love ?
Oh ! Love ! 'tis here describ'd ! This, this is my Disease ;
I feel a softness at my wretched heart
That waits but till 'tis ask'd to throw it self
Beneath the feet of him it does adore ?
What *Eromena* hast thou seen thy Love,
Desir'd, Solicited, Courted by a Man
That Envy cannot find a fault withal,
To give now unask'd to one perhaps
That will revenge the scorn that thou hast shown :
Let me not think on that, my woes are many,
But thought makes 'em worse —
Upon this Bank I'll lay my restless body.
Thou God of Peace, Compose the unquiet mind of the
Most wretched Creature that did e'er petition thee.

(Lies down.)

Enter Cornaro.

Corn. What can I suffer if I give my Love to that poor
Virtuous Maid ? Has not another equal in Birth
Offer'd as much, and has she not refus'd him
It may be Heaven reserves her heart for me,
And see she's here, my fate has guided me
To what I wish — She sleeps, her face is lovely
And her Charming Eyes, tho' they are cover'd,
Pierce me to the heart ; her Rosie Lips tho' they speak not,
Invite the lookers on to taste their sweetness — And, I must —
What, to kiss her is no Crime ; It may be she'll not wake,
But if she shou'd, I'm sure she cannot blame me :
They that will leave Locks open to a Thief,
Must needs expect a Robbery.

*{ Kisses her, she starts
up, he kneels.*

Ero. Ha !

Ero. Ha ! who's this commits this
Rudeness ? My Lord, isn't you ?

Cor. Oh ! Chide me not for what has made me wretched,
The tasting of those Lips has quite undone me,
Unless I may again, fair lovely Maid,
You that were born to do nothing but wonders,
That have transform'd me from the thing I was,
And in the space of one poor night have made me
Your everlasting slave : I am no longer Master of my self,
But this first time I ever spoke to you,
I offer you my Life, my Heart, my Soul :
Oh ! Love ! now work a wonder on us both
And touch her Heart, as thou hast surely mine.

Ero. What does he say ? Oh Heavens ! I feel it true
My pain I'm sure is Love, and Love for him.
Rise, good my Lord, and do not by this needless Ceremony
Call up to my Remembrance all my woes,
My wretched Poverty, and obscure Fate, nor die my Cheeks
In deeper blushes than your new pretended Love has rais'd.

(*Aside.*)

Cor. Oh ! Call it not pretended, nor expect I e'er can rise
Till I have mov'd your heart to know 'tis real
And confess it too — See, see me here, O Lovely Charming Creature ;
Turn not away but look upon me in this humble posture
May be it may move your pity ; nay, I will force you,
And follow still with Humbleness and Love,
Till you at last shall say. You know I Love you.

Ero. Call up thy Courage, hapless *Eromena*,
Oh ! I begin to find I'm lost indeed ;
Struggle a little heart, give not thy self away
The first attack

(*Aside.*)

Rise, good my Lord, or I must kneel with you.

Cor. Oh ! no ! you shall not kneel, nor will I rise :
But hugging thus your knees, I do Conjure you
To give my Love both hearing and acceptance —
If since the moment that I saw you first,
I've had one minutes thought but only you
Or any wish, but of the gaining you ;
Some power that hears me punish strait my falseness,
But if my vow is true,
Now touch her heart, and fix her mine for ever.

Ero. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I find I am so now,
And 'tis too late now to Recall my Fate.

(*Faints.*)

Cor. She faints, what sudden illness overcomes my Love,
Speak, speak, oh speak, my Dearest, Charming Woman.

Ero. Away my Lord, loose me from your Arms, and add I not
Fresh confusion to my Soul by thinking on the weakness
You've surpriz'd me in. Oh ! let me go.

Cor. Oh !

Cor. Oh stay and hear me a little longer,
Let me but know why you now fly from me,
After the Confirmation of a Love you ought to pardon,
Speak, do you believe I love you?

Ero. My Lord, I do not know yet, I wish I did.

Cor. Oh! do not say you know not! take my only last assurance:
I do not offer you a vitious Love,
But only that which holy marriage gives;
Speak once again, is that a Confirmation?

Ero. It is, my Lord, but such a one I must take from you
And from another, I am sure I will not. *(Aside a little.)*

Cor. What said you, did I hear you right;
Are not my Scenes scatter'd in the storm of Love:
Will you ne're be another's?

Ero. Heavens; what have I said! unwary Tongue,
Thus to betray the secrets of my heart:
I said, my Lord, that I would never marry.

Cor. Yes, me: you must, or see else most miserable.
What can I say to move you, take this Sword
And pierce my heart, if you'll not grant your Love.

Ero. Oh! *Beringaria*! how might I betray thee,
In ruining thy only darling Son,
How make thee curse that noble Charity
That rais'd this Serpent to destroy thy quiet.

Cor. No pity yet: Heavens, how she does distract me;
And all I can resolve on's Ruin, Death or Her.
Once more I kneel to move that stubborn heart
With my own breaking? Now, O hopeless Conquest.

Ero. I have recall'd my sinking Gratitude,
And Virtue now assumes its former place:
I'll cast my eyes no more upon the object
That could prevail to make me do a thing
Against all Laws of Hospitality.

Fly then *Eromena*, from that bewitching Tongue,
I must look on him, for methinks I tear
A piece of my own Soul away, when I resolve to go:
But one look more——O, I was flying to his Arms
The more I do dispute, the less I find I'm able
To forbear to tell him, I love him, die for him
And cannot live without him—O Love! Love! Love!

(Exit. Ero.)

Cor. It is enough, oh, Heav'n! let me rejoyce,
I saw Love sparkle from her shining eyes;
Who shuns the Battle, is half overcome,
She flies to be pursu'd, and I will fly
To over-take the Treasure of my Soul.
Oh Love! thou supreme power, behold thy last
Of wonders, that has excell'd the rest.

But hold, let not my Soul with this success
Neglect compleating of my happiness,
Now is the time to perfect all my Joy.
Thus to her Arms with wings of Love I'll fly,
And if not live for her, before her dye.

(Exit Cor.

The End of the Third A C T.

A C T IV. Scene a Hall.

Enter Beringaria and Arapfia.

WHat did you say? I cou'd not hear you right,
Does Heav'n then think my miseries not enough,
Can it be possible? *Cornaro* fallen in Love with *Eromena*,
Who told you this? Alas! what have I done
In all the actions of my past unhappy Life,
That I must now be sentenc'd to this Fate?

Arap. Alas! I'm sorry that I told it you;
But now must tell you that my Lady *Margaretta*
Over-heard all their Discourse this Morning in the Garden,
I do believe it is no more than a light Young-man's Love,
That vanishes upon the least resistance:
You know that *Eromena's* truly Vertuous,
And need not fear her condescending to his unlawful Love,
And then his spirit is too great ever to think
Of making her his Wife: Let me advise you,
Propose a Marriage to him with my Lord *Segerdo's* Sister,
The Lady is of the best Family in *Venice*,
And a great Beauty too, her Fortune rather
Exceeding what he can propose, say you have
Propos'd it to her Father, and that he seems
Well inclin'd to it, and if you can't succeed with him,
Lay your Commands on her to marry Lord *Segerdo*:
This will be a means to prevent any ills may happen.

Ber. I thank you, and perceive your Counsel good,
Let it be put in speedy execution,
Do you inform her my fix'd Resolution,
That she must marry *Segerdo* suddenly:
As for my Son I'll use a Mothers Power,
And if that fail, depend on you to make her comply

With

With my Commands, one way sure I may succeed.

Arap. Madam, I think I see my Lord coming down,
Propose it now, it cannot much surprize him,
Since such great Fortunes as the Lady is are fought
After too much to let the least minute be lost.

Ber. I will, away, and leave me, and to your design with *Eromena*.

Enter Cornaro, who kneels.

Heav'n Bless my Son: Rise, *Cornaro*, Rise,
And know I'll bless thee more in Deeds than Words.

Cor. You always were a most Indulgent Mother,
O, let me find the same Indulgence still,
'Tis you alone can make me Bless'd or Wretched,
Upon my knees I beg your will to Bless me,
Since 'tis alone in your Almighty Power.

Ber. To shew how much my will complies to bless you,
I'll let you know what I have done for you:
But first my Son, how stands your heart to Marriage,
Could you like that State, the only earthly blessing
Of the Good and Virtuous, and Curse of all the Wicked,
That know not how to use so great a Blessing:
And for that Reason turn depravers of what they
Understand not.

Cor. So true a fence I have of that most blessed State,
(If between two that Love, whose hearts Heav'n has joyn'd)
That I believe it the first Taste to future Bliss:
I mean in Heav'n.

Ber. 'Tis well my Son, I joy to see you so differing
From our present Youth, who in the Arms of some
Loose Courtizans waite all their Health and Means,
And despise the kind advice of all that let them
See their Errours. Now *Cornaro*, to prevent these Snares,
For you are now of fitting years to marry,
No Boy, but of Manly years: I do propose it to you,
Consider well, and let me have your answer.
There is a Lady whose Birth is equal, if not above you,
Whose Beauty is I think the greatest I have seen,
Her Fortunes much Superiour to yours,
And her Vertue not to be blam'd by Envy or Detraction:
What think you Son of such a Lady?

Cor. I have not seen the Lady.

Ber. But you may, I have already mov'd it to her Father,
Whose consent follows your liking.

Cor. Madam, I thank you, but how knows the Father
The Lady may like me.

Ber. She's all Obedience, her liking waits upon her Fathers will.

Cor. Madam, I must own, I should not think my Wife
Lik'd me the better for being an obedient Daughter :
Are these the marriages that Heaven makes,
Unseen, unknown to one another.

Ber. I would have you see this Lady, it may be
The thoughts that you may have her easily
May pall your sickly taste : I charge you see,
Nay, strive to love her too, wait on your Sister,
She goes there to carry the good news to Lord *Segerdo*,
That he shall now have *Eromena*, that proud fool,
That is so blind to her own happiness, she shall now,
Against her will, accept that blessing she can never merit ;
Consider well, and as thou'rt obedient
May Heaven prosper thee, or curse thee ever ?

(*Exit. Ber.*)

Cor. Oh ! Heavens, what said you, Madam, recall your blessing,
So you do your curse, leave me to chance——
What now remains, must my Love, my *Eromena*
Become another, and must I know it, and yet not prevent it,
I should be then a Boy ? O the curse of such a night,
That I should lie lamenting in my bed
And think another revell'd in her Arms ?
Keep me from such a thought you pitying powers,
Or I shall run through all extremities
And kill this happy Fortune, curs'd Rival,
And see she's here, my darling only Joy,
In spite of duty receive the endless vow :
Of a most constant, tho' unhappy Lover.

Enter Eromena weeping.

Ero. Lost and undone ; Oh ! wretched *Eromena* !
Let me not hear the name of Love again,
Sure there is poyson in a Lovers Tongue
That breaks the heart, it prays too,
How should I be so curs'd else ? I am Commanded
By her whom yet I never knew, do an injustice
In spite of all my known averlion to marry
Lord *Segerdo*, or seek my wretched bread in desert fields ;
What have I done ? I ask no more than bread,
The meanest slave that walks about the house
Has sure as much as that without Conditions.

Cor. Oh ! Cruel Mother ! has then the Tyranny you drew
To me, been but forerunner of a wrong to her,
What should the cause be, tell me, *Eromena* ;
Do you think my Mother knows my love to you ?

Ero. Alas ! my Lord, mock me not so again,
I am not born to be belov'd by you.

But

But this pretended Love of yours I find
Has been discovered ; for which, *Arapsia* told me
My Lady *Beringaria*'s Commands, she bad me
Have a care, 'twas honestest to leap into my Fathers bed
Than to give way to such Ingratitude,
And break the heart of her that had preserv'd me.

Cor. Nay, then it is too late to trifle longer,
And we must both be wretched if we do.
Once more, O thou who only can'st preserve me,
(For know I am Commanded too to marry
A Woman that I never saw) fling not my Life
Thy own and all away, but give me Heaven,
By making me thy own : O think a little ;
On thy resolution depends our future Fate :
Say, canst thou see me made another's, speak ?

Ero. I do confess, I cannot, nor must I e'er consent
To be your Wife ; for shou'd I, O, what Mountains then
Would hide me from her anger her Just Reproaches,
And a guilty Conscience more terrible than all ?

Cor. I wou'd, and shrowd thee in these longing arms
Till I had stifl'd apprehension in thee,
And made thee own thy fears were needless there.

Ero. Oh ! let me go, tempt not a yielding heart
A thing not worth your taking, when so easie.

Cor. Consider we both are ruin'd if we do delay :
Oh, think on that my Mother will undo us,
Perhaps we ne'er may meet again.

Ero. Let us ne'er meet so I preserve my Vertue,
I've fortify'd my reason once again,
And can submit to any thing but baseness.

Cor. Then must we part for ever.

Ero. Indeed we must ; I'll in some Cloister hide me from the World.
Farewell, I find I ne'er must see you more,
To prevent the miseries must fall upon you,
When I'm removed, there will be no marriage forc'd upon you ;
No Lady then — Once more farewell for ever.

Cor. Stay yet, and see the effect of all your prudence,
The minute that you leave me is my ruin.
Oh ! Cruel Creature, can you see me thus ; I vow
Here on my knees, unless you are my Wife
Never to marry : And will you leave me ?
Well, it shall be so, I will be left alone to Fate,
Which has decreed, I must not live without you.

(Going.)

Ero. O Heavens, I cannot bear to part with him —
Come back, my Lord, but turn your eyes away,
And do not see my blushes when I tell you
I am no longer Mistress of my passion,

E 2

But

But with a heart softned with mighty Love,
Take the impression you are pleas'd to wish,
I love you dearer than my Life or Soul ;
Receive me to your arms your Lawfull Wife,
And match my Love to a sincere obedience.

Cor. Oh ! Joy ! Oh ! too Transporting Joy, that takes away
The fence that does receive it, but I will struggle
With my Conquer'd Soul, that faints with the excess
Of its own happiness, to grasp her thus for ever
To my heart—Oh ! all my Joy, my reall Heaven on Earth :
This moment now shall joyn our hearts for ever.

Ero. Oh ! what have I done ; what makes my heart thus tremble ?

Cor. Oh ! do not now reflect on any thing,
But on the means to finish our Uniting,
Which shall this hour be done — Meet me, my Life,
Half an hour hence, in the low Grove beyond the
Garden-Wall, there I'll providethe Priest shall joyn our hands.
Pleas'd in my Loves Embrace, my fairest Wife,
I'll then look down on those ambitious Fools
That chuse the vanity of gawdy Pomp
Before the real Joys of Peacefull Love :

*Let Interest feel a check unknown before,
I'm blest in her dear arms that I adore.
No Crowns can ever my ambition move,
Nor warm that heart that's given up to Love.*

(Exeunt.)

Enter Captain Conall, and Margaretta.

Con. Madam, tho' I must not presume to wait on you upon my own account, yet being employ'd, I cou'd not avoid giving you this trouble, and desiring you to do my Lord *Segerdo*, the favour to try if you can give this last Letter to *Eromena*.

Mar. Sir, I shall endeavour to serve my Lord, tho' really *Eromena* did mightily press me not to desire her to receive any more Letters, but I'll do my best, Captain.

Cor. Oh ! what a look was there ! it has quite broke all my Resolutions. I must speak once again——Madam, have you no pity yet ? What Task must I go through, to obtain a certain blessing you can bestow ?

Mar. Pray Captain, speak no more upon that subject, I would not run the hazard of being tempted.

Con. Say you so ; then I am sure this is my time. (*Aside.*) You cannot, I'm afraid, be tempted by me, and so may safely trust your self—You've a heart made of Iron sure, or it could never resist the Affection of a Man that would undergo a thousand wracks rather than wrong the trust of so dear a Creature——Come, I see a little pitty in your Eyes ; Oh, let it increase and make me happy for ever.

Mar. My

Mar. My Husband?

Con. Pox o'that damn'd word; 'tis like the thought of a Tryal and Execution, when a Man's going to Fight an honourable Challenge.

Mar. Do you call this Challenge so honourable?

Con. Yes certainly, when a Man has declined the Combat, you have leave then to use him as you please; 'tis your Husband's Case. Come, my Lovely, Charming, Bewitching, Creature, my Soul is in a Flame, I shall consume to ashes in a moment.

Mar. I must make my appointment quickly, lest my Husband should really come and prevent me. (*Aside.*) Well, Captain, I will not speak, and if you can read in my Eyes what I would say, you'll find nothing to your disadvantage.

Con. Tell me then by these lovely Eyes, when shall I come? When will your Husband be abroad? Oh! O tell me quickly, lest some cursed accident or other shou'd prevent the most desir'd pleasure of my life.

Mar. Nay, Captain, 'tis not so far gone neither: But if I had a mind to make an Intreague, I believe I could not have a better opportunity than I shall have to day, for my Husband is to be abroad about an hour hence, at a place where he will be some hours, and then if any body had a mind to come to me, it were but their putting on some Womens Cloaths, and slipping up those back stairs into my Woman's Chamber; and if I had a mind, I cou'd but open my Chamber' door and come to them for an hour or two, and no body the wiser——But, Heaven forbid I should do so wicked a thing——Well, Captain, farewell, and mind what I say to you, I'll be sure to do what I can for my Lord *Segerdo*? (*Exit. smiling.*)

Con. So, so, I'gad my Judgment never fail'd me yet, I was sure of this: I understand her well enough, and tho' I am not mightily in Love, yet I can't resist the present Temptation, I'll run to *Segerdo*, and tell him her answer; and then to a she Friend to borrow some disguise, the rest depends on Fortune and the lucky hour. The Women are sure never to fail me——Well what wou'd some men give to be so prosperous in all their attempts of this nature as I am? Gad, I wou'd give a great deal not to be so successfull, it would make me relish my Ladies with a sharper Appetite. Well, however, I won't lose my time now, it is not a thing to be slighted 'till about four hours hence, and then she may take her leave of me, and really I wish

*That she may have the same desire to part,
For faith, I should be loath to break her heart.*

(*Exit. Con.*)

Scene Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Beringaria and Arapsia.

Ecr. Tell me now quickly, don't delay a moment: How do you know the Truth of what you say? Speak! oh speak! whilst I have life to hear you.

Arapsia.

Arap. Madam, I set my Lady *Margaretta's* Woman to watch and overhear all their discourse in the Garden, where I saw them walking, but she was call'd away by her Lady before she could know the result, but she says, all she could find out was, that when *Cornaro* propos'd marrying her, she insisted upon her Gratitude to you, so that I hope her resolution will prevent the mischiefs you apprehend. Or if there is no other way, 'tis but your telling him the Truth: or if you will not let me take that Office.

Ber. Oh! help me now if there are Powers above,
 Or I shall lose all my remains of Reason:
 O! 'tis gone! I find 'thas left the place it did inhabit,
 And flies up higher to yon lofty Region.
 Come, Come *Arap*, help me to a Dagger,
 I'll cut all *Eromena's* Veins and let the blood
 Mingle with Clay to make her self a monument.
 The wretched Creature
 Shall sink to shades like Clouds beneath the Sun,
 To clear that sky *Cornaro* shall appear in?

Ara. Madam, I hope there is no Dagger, you're too impatient, a little time will dissipate these Clouds, you know the Remedy, shou'd he mean to do the worst you can fear; 'tis but to tell him on her the truth, and that will sure prevent it.

Ber. Oh, 'tis the worst of Remedies; and sure distraction
 Will seize on me for ever, when 'tis known ———
 Let me consider ——— All this train of sorrow
 Is the effect of following thy Counsel: Now let me know
 What I can do to mend this: Tell me a way that will
 Not make me wretched, and then
 I'll thank thy Curs'd, Damn'd Contrivance:
 But as it is, tho' it is most unreasonable,
 I loath and hate thee for t, yes, hate my self:
 Find out a way, be sure you do, a safe one,
 Or look to see me mad, to see this hand arm'd with a
 Rais'd Dagger to destroy you, my self, and *Eromena*?

Ara. Madam, you are indeed unreasonable to lay
 This blame on me, because the effect han't answer'd
 Your design.

Ber. Let me not think! O, let me fly, fly from that Enemy,
 To my Repose, Remembrance, restless Remembrance,
 That blots out all the good of my whole life,
 To double all the bad: What, with my Son,
 Oh! let me think no more! My Son and Daughter!
 Ha, by this time may bethey are Man and Wife:
 If it be so, I'll get a Cloud to hide me,
 And bear me from that Judgment I must have:
 Can I shun that? no, no, it cannot be.
 Then let me suffer bravely, like the first of mortals,

Punish'd

Punish'd for such a sin, oh ! 'tis glorious to suffer
For the greatest Crime was ever done by Woman :

*I'm lost in misery, find, find me not Heaven,
I dare not ask, nor hope to be forgiven.*

(Exit Ber.)

Ar. Alas ! I fear her reason is not right ;

What's to be done in this extremity,

I'll run the hazard to disclose this secret,

And make *Cornaro* swear not to reveal it

Even to his Mother ; his Love will then of course

Cease to *Eromena*, and she may then marry my Lord *Segerdo*,

This, as I think, is the most likely way ——— But stay,

Perhaps he does not love her to that degree,

But that he may by Arguments be perswaded

To marry her his Mother has propos'd ;

I'll try all ways to keep the thing Concealed,

But to prevent the worst, I must reveal it.

(Exit.)

SCENE, A Hall. Dandalo alone.

Dan. Well, I wish all that have a mind to make Cuckolds may be married Men themselves to see how good it is. I have been tormented more in my thoughts than a poor Felon the night before Execution, for my Fate is as certain as his, tho' not so dangerous : sure 'tis not come to pass yet ; there may be a way to prevent it : I have observ'd that damn'd Captain hanker hereabouts. Well, I must find a way to dispose of her to make my self easie in a little time.

Enter Cleonista.

Oh ! Niece, what are you contriving to ruin your Uncle by making him a Cuckold ; For you know I am no Tradesman, so that it can never turn to my advantage.

Cho. Oh ! Sir, pray forgive me, my taking that naughty Womans part, alas ! I did not know then what I do now.

Dan. Why, what do you know ? Oh, Ruin and Destruction ! I find it is past, and all the World can't recall it ; I'll tear her to pieces, did I marry her for this ; did she not promise to Love, Honour, and Obey me till death us did part ; and does she think making a Cuckold e'er a one of the Conditions.

Cleo. Pray Sir, don't be too much disturb'd, for tho' my Aunt be to blame, yet it is not so far gone but you may prevent it.

Dan. Oh ! let me but know how this time, and I'll be sure to prevent the like danger for the future.

Cho. Truly Sir, I must beg your pardon for having too good an opinion of your Wife ; but, what I have to tell you is, that I over-heard just now,

Dan. Oh !

Dan. Oh! Tell me, my dear Niece, thou hast now convinc'd me, there are Women that can be good, but it must be in Policy then and not in any sence of Justice, or because they knew not how to be otherwise.

Cleo. Why truly, Sir, you must understand, that walking in the Garden, I over-heard my Aunt make an appointment with the Captain to steal up the back stairs about this time or a little after, drest in Womans Cloathes, and that she would slip out of her own Chamber and meet him in that which joyns to yours: Which has really troubled me so, that I could not rest till I had told you.

Dan. I thank you Niece: tho' since you've been a meanes to bring this certain plague to mankind about, I had as live you had let your information alone.

Cleo. Sir, 'tis in your power to prevent this mischief, for you may see at that door when the Gentleman will slip up the back Stairs, and so may order the Servants to bang him soundly if you please; which I would do were it my Case. Consider good Uncle, and consider you have but a little time; and pray don't tell my Aunt. (Exit. Cleo.)

Dan. Can this be true, tho' I always seem'd to suspect it, Yet I never believ'd it could come to pass. Let me consider, What could provoke her to be so spiteful, It cannot be my Person, nor my Age, nor my Discretion: For as to my Person, in my Opinion, no young Fellow Can boast of a handsomer, and as for my Age, 'Tis rather an advantage than otherwise; for I have More Wit than a younger, and certainly more Experience: And as for my Conduct, which comes from my Discretion, All the fault she can find with it is, that I'm afraid Of losing her—What could she see in that slim-gutted Captain, To prefer him before me? And in what Cloathes must sin Be dress'd to make it outshine a good Reputation.

Enter Captain Conall, in a flatteringly Womans dress, Crosses the Stage as going to the back stairs.

So, so, the Fox is snapt in his Trap, thanks
To the bait that catch'd him — *Pedro! Pedro!*
Enter Pedro.

Oh! *Pedro!* cannot you help me in my design.

Ped. What is't, Sir, I'll try?

Dan. Why *Pedro*, there is a Rogue has a design to Corrupt my Wife, and is just stole up the back stairs in Womans Cloaths, I believe to Ravish her—Now I've a mind to try if her designs be honest or no; to which purpose, I would have you go get me some of the Maids dressings, and provide a great many Men, for I will be reveng'd of this Infernall Dog?

Pedro. Yes, Sir, but must I bring all the Servants, Women and all?
Dan. No,

Dan. No, no ; but now I think on't, do you stay at the bottom
Of those stairs, that when I begin to Ferret,
You may turn the imprison'd wretch up again ;
But you must have two or three of the Servants with you,
Call 'em to you presently, I'll dispose of the rest
With me, go to your Post, and be sure come in
When you hear a great noise, and don't stay too long
For fear of the worst, I'll but go and disguise my self,
That I may proceed upon sure grounds, and find out
My damn'd Wife's design, tho' one would think
I might know that pretty well already — Oh ! I find
The Disease too strong ever to hope to be cur'd.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Margaretta and Cleonista.

Mar. Well, Cozen, now the design draws to the Comick part,
Pray Heaven it prove so : I begin to fear for
My old Man, and yet, you say you heard him
Order all the Servants to be near him.

Cleo. Yes, yes ; what are you afraid on ? you have
Nothing to do as I know of, but keep your self
Conceal'd in some place, 'till 'tis fit time to appear.

Mar. Come then, let's go : But pray forgive me,
For I can't help being afraid for my old Man.

(Exeunt.)

*SCENE Changes to a Bed-Chamber.**Capt. Conall upon the Bed in his Womans dress.*

She stays very long, sure she'll come at last,
'Tis very melancholy sitting thus i'th' dark ;
I cannot hear the least noise, what should be the meaning
Of her stay, unless it be to surprize me the more with Joy
At her coming : These Women are subtle Creatures
When they have a mind to improve a pleasant moment,
Sure no body can come here without her permission.
Hark, I think I hear her coming.

Enter Dandalo in Womans Cloaths, feeling about for the Bed.

Sure it must be she ; but I'll say nothing 'till I'm certain.

Dan. Sir, Sir, where are you, my Joy ?

Con. Here, here, my Angel, come to my arms, and let me blefs
The kind consenting moment that brought me to
Thy dear embraces.

Dan. So, so, the Rascal would be very loving I find.

(Aside.)

Con. Why does not my Love speak ? or does she check by her silence
the fond delay of not making use of those moments Love has given us :
Come, come then, my Love—nay, must I draw you to't ? Did you meet
me alone for this ? Well a little struggling may be necessary.

Dan. Oh,

Dan. (*Aside.*) Oh, these Dogs, will they not come yet, I shall either be Ravish'd or Murder'd ! Oh, Strong Toad, how he pulls ? I am but a weak old Man, Oh ! are they come. (*A noise of doors.*)

Con. Heavens Madam ! you have lost all the precious time you should have bestow'd otherwise ; is it your Husband think you.

Dan. Yes, I am afraid ; Go down the back stairs, but don't discover your self ; we'll find another opportunity.

Con. Certainly you design'd I should lose this——
But I can't stay to reproach you.

(*Exit.*)

Dan. So I have sav'd my Wife's honour and my own :
But now for my Revenge ; I had not best own my self,
For fear he shou'd fall foul upon me——
Oh ! here he comes again.

Re-enter Conall.

Con. Heavens, Madam, the bottom of the stairs is beset
With Servants as if they watched for some body,
I'm afraid our meeting is discover'd——Can you conceal
Me no where for an hour, till the search is over ?

Dan. What shall I do ? I cannot think of a place ;
Oh ! these cursed Dogs to stay so long,
I shall not be able to Counterfeit much longer.

*Enter at one door three Servants, and at the opposite three more with
Lights. Captain draws.*

Con. Ha ! 'tis well, I am provided, Madam, fear not,
I'll protect you ; where is the Gentleman, who I suppose,
Believes I have wrong'd him : Dares he not appear
To Revenge himself in person.

Dan. No truly, and the wiser he, for these Rampant
Whore masters are commonly desperate fighters,
Especially in a Trollops Quarrel.

{ *They struggle with
the Captain and get
the better of him,
the light is put out.*

Ped. I know not in the dark, which is which,
But 'tis good to be sure, My Master can't blame me for my care.

(*Binds them both and Exit. Ped.*)

Dan. Oh, Rascal, what shall I do now, I shall be
Discover'd, and consequently beaten to death.

Con. Madam, I am sorry for this accident, which I have
Drawn upon you, and as you have been Innocent,
I wish they would let me justify it at the price of my life.

Enter Margaretta and Cleonista laughing, with lights in their hands.

Mar. Heavens ! what's the matter ?

Con. Margaretta there, who have I been Fighting for ?

Dan. Why for her Husband : I suppose your design

Was

Was rather to injure his honour than protect it.

Mar. What's the matter, I can't understand you?

Dan. That's strange: Why Wife, I've only supply'd your place, this was the Man and this the place, and I only sav'd you the Labour.

Cleo. I believe I only can clear this mystery, did not I tell you my Aunt was to meet a Gentleman in this place; now I am inform'd since 'twas a mistake, for my Aunt never design'd to come at him.

Dan. No! what came he here for then?

Cleo. To make you see a Wife may Cuckold her Husband if she has a mind to't. Now she happen'd not to be in the humour.

Con. Pray Madam, did not you appoint to meet me here, you must excuse me, for my Reputation is a little in danger now; I mean as to my understanding.

Mar. No, Sir, I told you I cou'd do such a thing, not that I wou'd, and if you'll examine my last words, you'll find it so.

Con. Wou'd these were your last words. (*Aside.*) Have I gone thro' so many dangers to be so damnably Jilted at last?

Dan. Joy begins to grow very troublesome, I have a mind to cry for't? Wife, if thou mak'st this appear, thou shalt be the Husband, and I'll be Ruled and Governed by thee.

Con. What then, I have been made a property all this while to gain a Wife Liberty not to make use on't: But I think it becomes me now to be a little serious — Sir, I have undergone some blows in your house, which my honour will not carry any longer, therefore, because I scorn an old man's Courage to contend with, pray engage some Relation or other in your Quarrel, and let me hear from him to morrow morning.

Mar. Nay, good Captain, since your injury has been less than the benefit, you have brought to me, let me beg you not to persist in your Resentment, the thing shall ne'er be known to your dishonour; the reason I made choice of you in this affair was, because I cou'd not find another, but you that cou'd have given my Vertue any Character, if I had refus'd, and therefore did this to satisfy the World that she that cou'd deny you, might be trusted any where.

Con. Madam, upon second thoughts, I resolve not to take any notice of this, provided it be kept secret.

Cleo. So, Aunt, that Complement did the business — Come, Sir, my Uncle now, I dare swear, will be very glad of your Company to night — Uncle, now the Gentleman is reconcil'd, we'll be very merry: My Lord Gabinius knows of this design, but nothing about the Captain; he is in my Appartment, and will be glad to see you.

Dan. Wife, I don't know what to say, I must make a Speech in praise of Women, though I don't believe there are any so good as thee in the World.

*She that at twenty years can Love forefcore,
Can meet a Lover and shut the door,
That to Convince a jealousie Husband can
Appoint the Meeting, yet not meet the Man;*

*Be true to Age, and slight her Lovers fires,
Can have the means and not have the desires;
She is a Wife, and 'tis this Wife indeed
That does no guide, but her own Vertue need.*

(Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Arapfia.

Arap. **T**He morning's come, and now comes all my care
How to prevent this mischief without bringing more.
'Tis late, I think, and yet no body stirring,
Sure sleep has taken here his Habitation:
I must contrive some way to see *Cornaro*,
Speak with him before his Mother rises,
For shou'd she see we whisper'd,
Her poor Soul's so apprehensive
And fearfull of the least discovery,
She'd break my whole design, and may be
The means, that what she most does fear
May come to pass.

Enter Segërdo.

Seg. Madam, good morrow, I find I'm early here,
It is a time for none but Lovers sure
To rise at, but I've been
Disturb'd all night, with dreams that wou'd not let me
Rest; I came to see how all
Did here, how *Eromena* does,
Cruel, Unkind, yet Lovely *Eromena*?

Arap. I think the Family is well, my Lord,
And doubtless, *Eromena*'s so, I hope,
She'll know when she is offer'd well, and no longer
Withstand her interest, and your happiness.

Seg. Alas, her interest is secure elsewhere:
You do not know my Lord *Cornaro* loves her:
He, like a Torrent, bears down all my hopes.
But this ungovern'd passion in my Soul
Puts me to strive to make him wretched too.
A drowning man will hang upon a Twig,

And

And I'll not sink while I've so fair a hold,
But pull him with me since I needs must fall.

Arap. The way my Lord, which I suppose you mean,
Ought to be taken ill, but Love excuses you :
I'll tell you now a better way to serve you,
But I must do it ; it, depends on me,
Suppose that I could make *Cornaro* quit her.

Seg. Impossible, it cannot, cannot be,
Her eyes can never make so slight a wound,
Her beauty is peculiar to her self,
A Pattern Heaven made upon a Tryal,
But found it dangerous to make another.

Arap. I'll tell you, Sir.
Were she this morning going to be marry'd,
Nay, in the Temple, answering to the Priest ;
Nay, farther yet, laid in her Bridal Bed,
Cornaro waiting for the Virgins call,
To lay him by that Maid you both adore,
I have a story, only for his ear,
Should make him leave her there.

Seg. Take care, *Aspasia*, do not so obey
Your Ladies orders, who I know approves not
Of *Eromena's* Marriage with *Cornaro* ;
Do not, I say, by any base detraction,
Take from that Vertue all may wonder at,
But none can ever follow.

Arap. I do not mean, my Lord, that which you think :
I know the Maid is nicely Vertuous :
But, Sir, can you bear all dishonours else,
Which may have been her Fate, but not her Fault ?

Seg. Yes, yes, *Aspasia*, that I wou'd with Joy,
And wish with all my Soul to have the Tryal :
But tell me then, O say, what can it be
Should make *Cornaro* leave so fair a Bride.

Arap. Sir, I will trust you with a Secret,
Which you will not reveal for your own sake ;
When you have *Eromena* for your Wife,
She is *Cornaro's* Sister, no matter how :
My old Lord, you well know, had many Mistresses,
This is the secret I'm going to reveal.
Let not my Lady know it, 'tis not proper,
No body knows this story but my self :
When you believe I've told *Cornaro*, Come,
You'll see strange alteration in his looks,
And this, I think secures your happiness,
If it consists in having *Eromena*.

Seg. If ———

Oh, can you think there's happiness without her,
This News is pleasing as 'tis unexpected,
'Tis both ways so, for now I know her Birth,
'Tis noble too, tho' 'tis the worst way so :
Hark, here's one coming ; 'tis *Cornaro* sure,
I'll go to give you opportunity,

Blest be this morning above all be blest,

That purged my swollen Griefs, and gave me rest.

(*Exit. Seg.*)

App. So, here's one satisfy'd :

I wish with all my Soul *Cornaro* were so.
Why do I fear, it is not my concern,
'Tis his, who ought to thank me for my care,
And will, I think, or else he is unjust.
But see, he's here, I will retire a little,
And think on the best way to tell my story,
Heaven grant I may succeed
Without discovering all : I hope I shall.
I'm fearfull still, but oh, assist me Heaven,
And as my aim is honest, may I prosper.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Cornaro, solus.

She's mine, she's mine, the beauteous *Eromena*,
These Arms last night inclos'd the lovely Maid,
Heaven's ! In all other Loves we form the pleasure
Much greater than it is,
But I had made it less than what I found it,
I cannot bear the Joy I have within me,
Were but my Mother pleas'd, that thought disturbs me,
Sure she'll forgive a Crime which Love committed,
Let it be how it will, I have her now
And she is all my own.

Enter Anapsia.

Arap. My Lord, I've waited all this morning
To speak with you : I should have don't last night,
But could not find you.

Cor. I'm glad to see you, and will wait on you
Any where else, if this place ben't convenient.

Arap. My Lord, last night my Lady order'd me
To wait on you, and keep you still in mind
Of the Commands she gave you, about your Marriage
With the Lord *Segerda's* Sister, and by me
Desires to know your Resolution :

Cor. Madam,

Cor. Madam, 'tis this ! I will not marry her,
But with submission to my Mothers Right
Over her Son, desire she'd give me leave
In this the last great action of my Life,
On which my future happiness depends
To make a choice my self.

Arap. Sir, I dare promise you she will, and except
One Person,
You may have leave to marry whom you please.

Cor. Who is that Person whom I am debarr'd.

Arap. My Lord, there has been whisp'ring 'mongst the Servants,
And those who have more Curiosity than Business,
That you are fallen in Love with *Eromena* ?
This is the reason, I suppose, which makes
Your Mother press you to resolve,
For, to be plain, 'tis she you are forbid.

Cor. And all the rest Heaven knows I do despise.

Arap. My Lady farther bid me say, That
If by your discourse I found the Rumour true,
To tell you from that hour you resolved
Any such thing as gaining *Eromena*,
That hour she'd shut her self from humane Eyes,
And in Distraction end her wretched Life.

Cor. And all this is because poor *Eromena*
Is most unhappy in her Birth and Fortune :
Oh ! the curse of Money,
The sure destroyer both of Love and Friendship ;
'Twill bring a common Courtezan to Repentance,
And make her wish she'd liv'd on Bread and Water :
And would you have me prize it ?
No, no, *Arapsia*, since my Mother keeps
A Womans Mercenary Quality,
I'll shew the World her Son has no Inheritance
But what is noble, therefore to cut off all disputes,
For I perceive that it must come to this,
I here protest before the face of Heaven
Never to marry ought but *Eromena*.

Arap. And is this, Sir, your final Resolution ?

Cor. It is, *Arapsia*, but I'd have you think
I'd not have shown this seeming disobedience,
Had not my Mother ta'n the way she has,
Not only upon me, but upon *Eromena*,
Commanding her to force her Inclinations,
And marry Lord *Segerdo*,
But to prevent it I'll not lose a moment
Till I have shewn the World she's mine for ever.

Arap.

Aras. My Lord, I have a secret to impart,
Which I am sure must stop you in this Love,
But you must swear by all the sacred ties
That can bind Men, never to speak of it,
Not even to your Mother.

Cor. If what you say be to remove my Love,
I'd have you save your self the needless trouble,
For 'tis impossible, it cannot be ?
I love my *Fromena* more than Life,
And do not Love her like a Boy whose Love
No longer lasts, than till it see's another :
But with a manly passion, not to be removed,
Methinks it is my Duty as well as Inclination.

Aras. It is, I must confess, indeed your Duty,
For not to hold you longer in suspense,
She is your Sister.

Cor. How !

Aras. She is Indeed my Lord.

Cor. How, and which way ? She's not my Father's Child,
I'm sure, he did long before she was born.
Do not, *Arassia*, strive by these mean ways,
Inventing stories, which must be proved false,
As soon as told, to break a passion, which
Must break my heart e'er you can bring't about.

Aras. My Lord, it is no story, which I speak of,
But a firm truth, such as will bear the Test
Of the most strict Examination ?

Cor. It must be this way then, my Mothers Bastard ?
Ha ! can that be ; then thou must be the Bawd :
You could not know the story else so well ;
Is this the secret which I must not speak off :
Call back thy words, and swear thou'st told a lye,
Or by the Rage, which if thou dost speak truth
Must take the place of Duty, and Revenge
My injur'd Fathers wrongs, I'll fly.
Even to this Mother, who has shaken hands
With honour to part with it for ever ;
Just now I'll fly, and make her Infamy so loud,
'Till she shall gladly do the thing she threatens,
And never shew her Strumpets face again.

Aras. What's to be done now ? I must prevent
The worst by telling him the worst.
My Lord, the promise that I did desire,
And then this Action shall be plainer made ;
If not, I'm dumb upon this story ever,
Remember 'tis never to tell your Mother.

(*Aside.*)

Cor

Cor. I swear by all things Sacred, by those powers,
Those only powers that e'er can make me happy,
Never to speak on't to my Mother.

Arap. Thenthus it is, my Lord, I will not run
Thro' all the passages between my Lady
And your Father, for you know, my Lord,
They parted Beds some years before he died.
But I would have your Lordship call to mind,
The night before that you were sent to Travel,
You'd past an Engagement with a young
And foolish Maid i th' House to meet that night :
Your Father had made such another appointment,
Which was by one discovered to your Mother ;
And my unhappy Lady, in her stead,
Resolv'd to meet her Husband, but by Accident
She did mistake the room, and came to you :
But in the morning slipping from her Husband,
(As she believ'd) for fear of a discovery,
She met my Lord, just come from his Intrigue ?
And then she found too late her fatal error.
You may Remember your remove was sudden,
And, to be short, poor *Eromena* was
The first-fruit of that nights most unnatural meeting,
And is your Daughter now as well as Sister,
Born some few months after your Father died.

Cor. It is impossible, I'll not believe it,
It is a trick devis'd to break the marriage.

Arap. By all that's Good and Sacred it is True.

Cor. It is impossible to be supposed,
'Tis all a trick, but have a care, 'tis dangerous
To trifle with me now, and I must have
More Witnesses before I can believe.

Arap. Who is it you can have but her whose Soul
Must leave her Body when she finds you know it.

Cor. By Heaven, the very thought has stunn'd my reason.
But stay, let me consider : Yes, I will.
I'll know the truth from this unhappy Mother.

Arap. Alas, my Lord, do not forget your promise.

Cor. Away with promises; my Life, nay Soul,
Depends upon this knowledge : What, my Daughter !
And by my Mother too ! Oh ! double mischief,
If it be false expect thou wretched Creature,
Thou that hast thrown my Soul upon the wreck,
Expect such Vengeance, for thou hast told a story,
Would stagger Nature, make her shrink to nothing,
For being capable of such an error.

Arap. Alas ! I do repent I have told it you,

But 'tis too true, and see my Lady comes :
I cannot bear to see the grief 'twill cost her,
But since you do resolve to know the truth,
Break not your Mothers heart in the discovery.

(Exit Arap.

Enter Beringaria.

Per. Cornaro ! have you thought of my propofals?
For all are Friends to my design but you :
I have but the care of well disposing thee,
And then lie down in my cold grave in peace.

Cor. What shall I say, I dread the discovery,
And yet must know it now——Madam, I beg,
If I must marry, that you'd give me leave
To make my choice my self.

Ber. With all my heart,
If you make choice of one that suits your honour,
She's yours, and you shall have my free consent.

Cor. I thank you on my knees. I love a Maid
To that degree, I cannot live without her,
I cannot think of loving any other.

Since you must know e'er your consent be had,
I will presume to tell you who it is,

'Tis *Eromena*.

Ber. Ha ! what was't you said ?
Oh ! never let me hear that word again,
'Tis fatal both to yours and my Repose :
Is this the Match you would prefer before
A thousand others ?

Cor. Madam, I love her that has made the beauty,
And, for a fortune, you know well I want none.

Ber. Name it no more, take the whole World before you,
Make choice of the most abject Creature living ;
I will receive and own her for my Daughter :
But do not think on her, unless that minute
You do resolve to see me mad indeed :
O Heaven ! I beg you'd stop this coming mischief,
And in exchange let me have thousand plagues
Were never heard of yet.

Cor. O Mother, Mother, I am lost indeed,
This has almost confirm'd me, Answer me
One Question more and I have done for ever :
Is *Eromena* then my Daughter, and born of you ?
Why do you Change or Colour ?
Help, help, within there.

(She swoons.

Enter Araplia.

Look to my Mother, her silence has undone me.
Oh, Heaven ! can it be true :
My Daughter, Sister and my Wife, and all

My

My marry'd bedded Wife ! Why oh ! Heaven !
 Did you permit nature to make this stumble ?
 Where was the Sacred power of Instinct now ?
 That foolish boast of undiscerning nature,
 Cou'd it permit so gross an Act to master all its policy ;
 What, my Sister, Daughter, Wife, all in one Woman ?
 Oh, Heaven ! Compleat thy Vengeance, and strike me to the Center. *(Falls.)*
Aras. Help, help, within there.

*Enter Cleonista, Margaretta, and all the Gentlemen : The Men
 go to Cornaro, Women to Beringaria.*

Ber. Who told the secret ? did you mention it ?

[Raving.]

Cornaro, where art thou now ? Dead, then I am safe,
 A stab to either will prevent my shame :
 Who are you here, that croud about me so ?
 Stand off, I say, I am *Cornaro's* Wife,
 Let me run to him, how does my dearest Son ?
 What Wife and Mother ? that was a mistake :
 Give me a draught of poison presently,
 Will you not fetch it, has my Infamy
 Made me despis'd, and not to be obey'd,
 Even by my Children, nor my Servants neither.

Gab. How fares my Lord ? *Cor.* A little at a loss,
 A fatal Love has ruin'd poor *Cornaro*,
 Let me intreat you, Ladies, to take care
 Of my unhappy Mother, and Gentlemen
 You will oblige me much, if you'll retire,
 And leave me for some time
 A little to recall my wandring reason.

Ber. Let me not see him ever whilst I live,
 I'll have a veil shall cover me with night ;
 D'ye think the dead know what we do, when living ?
 They say they do.

My Husband then knows of this accident,
 And calls me Strumpet ! Yes, I hear him speak it,
 But I'll wipe out this stain in nature, and then
 Go to my dead Husband, Chaste and Entire.
 O, quickly, quickly, shew, shew me the way.

(Exit.)

Cor. O, sad state ! till now unknown to all the World but me,
 What had I done just Heaven, to be so curst as to be made
 A sad example to the babbling World,
 To follow the advice of Resolution ? I should not live,
 But here's a sight must now for ever Curse me :
 O, does she know my shame ?

Enter Eromena.

Ero. Alas, my Love, why in that Mournful posture,
 Why are you sad ? Oh ! cheer your looks with mine,
 You've often said, my Lord, you lov'd me dearly

And can you have a grief now I am yours ?

Alas ! I fear our Marriage is revealed :

I see a sad distraction in the House ;

O, speak to me, my Lord, is it not so ?

Cor. Oh ! *Eromena ! Eromena !* *Ero.* Why do you sigh my Love ?

You were prepar'd for this before, and had resolved to go

To *Rome* with me, and there to pass our days,

If that you found your cruel Mother would not forgive

The Violent effects of our stoln Loves.

Cor. Fly ! fly, *Eromena*, from a wretch that has undone thee,

Destroy'd that lovely form, pluck'd up by the roots

That beautiful Flower, and planted it with nought but stinking Weeds.

With Shame, with Infamy, and sure Dishonour.

Ero. What means my Life ? thou could'st not be so cruel :

O, do not turn away my only dear,

If I've offended, let me know my fault,

And if 'tis not too great to be forgiven,

Look on my true submission, and receive me.

Cor. Some pitying power reveal to her, her Fate,

I cannot do it ——— prithe, leave me here,

For I have something which disturbs me so,

That even thy Company is irksome now.

Ero. I will, my Lord, obey you whilst I live ;

Nay, I will be your Slave, if you Command it,

I think it does become me to be so :

Could Wives but see how very odiously

Authority becomes 'em ; how much more like

The Courtezan than Wife, it does appear ;

They sure wou'd blush, that by their proud behaviour

They rank themselves with the most vicious Women.

Cor. Can I hear this, and know the loss I've had,

Yet keep within my Temper ;

Farewell, farewell, all thoughts of patience now,

Thus on the Earth I'll throw my curst body,

Sure it shou'd open to receive a weight

Too heavy for't to bear : Oh ! *Eromena !*

Lost *Eromena*, quite undone by me :

Thou had'st been happy had'st thou never seen me ;

Fly, *Eromena !* Fly, I do Conjure thee !

Oh ! last night, last night, never to be possess'd again,

Yet to my Arms I'll snatch thee,

And print a thousand kisses on thy Lips :

But from a Father now, and not a Husband.

Ero. Let it be so, I'll love you as a Daughter,

And since you please to banish me your bed,

Thus on my knees I give this humble kiss,

And do receive your dear Paternal Love,

So you will love me in what name you please,
My Soul, I'm sure, is Chaste and ne'er was Touch'd
With any loose desires.

Cor. Oh, *Eromena*, canst thou be so Chaste as thou
Hast said : Can that dear Heaven of Beauty consent to be
The idle part of the Creation : Can that Charming Body,
Fit to bring forth an Angel like it self,
Be by my means deprived of all the honest Joys
Of Loyal Wives ?——But why do I reflect upon thy
Beauties ? that after this sad hour must never see thee more.

Ero. What, will you banish me your sight and all,
Kill me then, I cannot bear it, kill me, or I shall fall
By my own hand, and miss the last of pleasures left for me,
The dying in your arms.

Cor. Oh ! *Eromena*, didst thou know thy Fate thou wou'd'st
Not wish my hand shou'd come so near thee ?

Ero. Come, tell me then, t' excuse thy perjury——I would
Be glad I ow'd this strange indifference to any thing,
But to thy want of Love.

Cor. Wilt thou be patient then, and bear thy Fate ?

Ero. I think I can. I have been used to misery.

Cor. Oh ! I can't tell it ; yet I will——Let me but lean
my head upon thy Bosom thus, and not see thy Confusion,
Nor shew my own.

Ero. Oh, Heavens ! I do begin to fear, but what I know not.

Enter Beringaria mad.

Ber. Who's there ; Ha ! together ? Let me separate you,
You two incestuous Monsters——'Tis not they,
This is my Husband : do not chide me, Sir, for what I did
Was for the love of you, 'twas Love that did occasion
My mischance——Can you forgive it ? I'll weep thus at
Your feet a thousand, thousand years, to beg your pardon.

Cor. Oh ! Heaven and Earth ! see, *Eromena*, see,
Thy only Mother sure as she was mine ;
Thou never hadst another, nor another Father,
Than thy wretched Husband : It was the work of Fate,
And thou art now my Daughter, Sister---Oh Heavens, and my Wife :
Fly reason, fly, why dost thou stay to curse me,
Hadst thou been kind, thou had not staid so long.

Ero. I hope, my Lord, I do not understand you.

Cor. Too well thou dost, this is thy Fate and mine.

Ero. Oh ! Heavens ! What have I done ?

Ber. See there she is in that false Husbands arms !
Does she engross my Husband and my Son ?

Nay then 'tis time a quick dispatch :

Take that thou only ruin of my Life and Fame.

Ber. Oh ! Mother, Mother, do not kill your Child ;

(*Stabs Ero.*

Oh !

Oh! cruel Woman, what is't you have done!

Ber. Sent her to Heaven, to know if ever
I shall arrive there; for if I may, I must take care,
I have a great deal of business to do before I can
Provide for such a journey; but, if not, I shall have
No trouble, for all's pack'd up for t'other place already.

(Runs off.)

Cor. Oh! *Eromena*! may I call you Wife?
Is this the happiness I have designed?
What have I done? Good Heaven, what have I done?
To be more curs'd than all mankind besides.
Oh! *Eromena*! those pale looks now tell me
All thy wretched life is past.

Ero. I thank the blow upon my knees: I do,
And do with joy receive this first of blessings
From my most noble Mother—Life had been a Curse
I could not bear---Sir, how to look on you, I do not know,
But let my ignorance excuse me, both to the World and you:
Oh I am in pain, but yet will call it a pleasure,
Because it brings me now a sure release.
Oh! Father, Father, give me your blessing too,
A Pass-port for me to the other World,
And let me hide my face within your Bosom,
And give you back that life you did bestow.

(Dies.)

Cor. If she be dead, what have I then to do?
Oh! *Eromena* dead, vanished like a deluding dream
Of happiness; for sure this was a dream—
I find I wake to curse the World and all Mankind,
My self and all—If I should live, I should turn Monster sure——
Hence, with a thought of life; Weep Eyes,
And burst your strings that hold you in, that I may 'scape
The shame of seeing the face of mankind more.

Enter Segerdo.

Seg. What, are they so close? I like not that,
But 'tis no matter, since I know that they must part.
Rise, *Cornaro*, rise, behold a Friend that's truly sorry
For thy misfortune, tho' 'tis the only thing
Could make him happy.

Cor. What barbarous wretch art thou? that buildst
Thy happiness on anothers ruin — Oh, *Eromena*.

Seg. I do forgive thee thy mistaken anger,
And own the disappointment is too great,
Easily to be born—Speak, fairest *Eromena*, speak,
May I now hope a reward for all my sorrows past,
Since all your wishes for *Cornaro* now
Are turn'd to duty for a kind Relation?

Cor.

Cor. Hence wretch, com'st thou to Triumph over misery?
 Base and Unworthy, have I not Grief enough?
 Not yet enough, must thou add more? do I not bear enough?
 Have I not caused this dear poor wretches death?
 Is not that load enough?

Seg. Ha! is *Eromena* dead? What, cold, pale, dead;
 The object of my Soul, my only wish;
 Are these my promis'd hopes— Inhuman wretch?
 And didst thou murder her? Oh, *Eromena*!
 Unfortunate, Fair Creature, I shall not stay
 Behind thee long—— Oh! let me leave my Soul
 Here on thy Lips; and if Heaven have pity,
 Make me now like thee.

Cor. Hence; how dar'st thou touch my Wife, before my face?

Seg. Thy Wife! take care, *Cornaro*, brand not thy self
 With such an Infamy, I know she is thy Sister.

Cor. Why then you know the Truth, I tell thee she is both
 Wife and Sister, nay, and Daughter too; she's all she can be,
 In one Woman.

Seg. How dar'st thou be alive
 After this Action, marrying thy Sister, and robbing me
 Of all my Joys on Earth, by murdering the poor wretch?
 Oh! *Eromena*! Let me die now at thy feet.

Cor. Judge me, Just Heaven! have I done a willful fault?
 Yes, I have indeed by Marrying against her Will that bore me,
 Had I but been obedient, half my misery I had escaped,
 How can'st thou upbraid my lost Condition?
 Wert thou of humane race, thou cou'dst not do it,
 Cou'd any Creature Triumph o're a wretch suffering the Law?
 Just breaking on the Wheel; Thou see'st me worse than that——
 Rise, Rise, I say; or I shall add yet to my cruel Actions,
 And kill thee as thou liest.

Seg. It would be like thee; I draw this Sword now in a
 Noble cause—To Revenge poor *Eromena*'s murder, that
 Had no fault but being kind to thee.

Cor. Heaven grant thee Vengeance equal
 To thy Wish, I thank thee now, *Segerdo*,
 Thou hast prevented self-murder, all my miseries end here.

(*They Fight,*
Cor. Falls.)

Enter Gabinius, Dandolo, Conall, Cleon. Margar.

Cleo. How fares my dearest Brother?
 What was the cause of this unhappy Quarrel?
 How, *Eromena* dead!

Gab. My Lord, how is it with you?

Cor.

Cor. Like one who in a fright, securing what he thought
 His own, mistakes and takes anothers Treasure,
 And for that innocent Theft's Condemned :
 So, I by the All-seeing powers, am cast
 For doing that, which but to think of doing,
 Would make me wish I never had been born :
Arapfia knows the story of our misery,
 And after I am dead, may tell it you,
 But let it not be told whilst I'm alive—
 My Lord, *Segerdo*, you have been unkind,
 In thinking me consenting to *Eromena's* death,
 She did receive it from my Mothers hand —
Gabinus, I've but little time to talk with you,
 Besides, I am in pain, which hinders me —
 Come, Sister— Take her, Sir, and with her all the Fortune .
 I shall leave behind me ; and let not the misfortunes
 Of her Family be ever mention'd to her when she's yours ;
 For you will hear a story of that horror
 Will turn your Eyes to Water when 'tis told.

Enter Arapfia.

Arap. Oh ! Heavens ! Where's my Lord *Gornaro* ?

Cor. Here, here, *Arapfia*, com'st thou to add a drop
 More of affliction to my whole Sea of sorrow.

Arap. Alas ! my Lord, you'll find this is a Sea ;
 Your wretched Mother, madder than hunted Lyons,
 Flies about to every Room, has cut her body
 With a hundred slashes, her Arms, her Face,
 Are all to pieces cut, I wonder in that Tide of Blood,
 That life can stay so long, and not Ebb out ?
 Oh, here she comes, stand between me and her,
 I fear she'll kill me.

Enter Beringaria Bloody.

Cor. Oh, happy I, that cannot longer live ;
 This sight without a wound had struck me dead.

Ber. Ha ! dost thou fly from me thou she-deceiver,
 That knows so well to guide Wives to Destruction ?
 Had I been patient, this had been prevented !
 What, my Son, art thou a dying too ?
 Why, what should we live for, to be the jest
 Of every fool that had a mind to laugh ;
 Would it not make the cruel laugh to see this bloody Floor,
 This blood shed, but for one nights mischance ?
 Oh ! 'twas a Glorious night, Say, was it not !
 Speak, can you repent of it, I am sure I do ?

Oh !

Oh! *Cornaro*, Life is wasted now ———
 But must thou dye, this is hard indeed,
 Poor youth, thou suffer'st for thy Mothers faults.

Gab. Remove this woefull object to her Bed.

Cleo. Dear Mother, let me wait you to your Bed.

Ber. No, no, no more of Beds. ———

May I not hug him now ——— Dear, dear *Cornaro*,
 Let me dye in thy Arms ———

Ha! see, see, there's my Husband come
 To blast my Eyes and curse me for the Birth of *Eromena*.

What, is she dead; Why, what need we dye then:

The cause is now removed ——— Why, what are you

That dare to contradict me, and say I must not live,

Nor poor *Cornaro*! ha, Husband again!

Why do you force me to you; had you been kind alive,

This had not been ——— Why do you tear me thus,

you torturing Spirits; I come, I come! ———

Off all, to make my body bare for suffering ———

So, now 'tis well ——— Pull, pull — Give me

Thy hand, *Cornaro*, and we will go together,

Nothing now shall part us ——— Open thy Sulph'rous

And Eternal Mansion, receive us both;

we sink together now ———

*Lost in a hopeless state, behold we come,
 Thou must receive us, for Heaven has no room.*

(Die)

Cor. Gone! she's gone, and my Descent draws near:
Prithee Gabinius bury us all together in one Grave,
 And set forth to the World our Innocence,
 Which poor *Arapsia* can inform you in —
 The only secret left is, That yesterday *Eromena*
 Was made my Wife; Last night received us both
 Into one Bed ——— Oh! that happy, but most horrid night,
 Has lost us all our Lives: Come, *Eromena*,
 Daughter, Sister, Wife, it is no sin that I embrace thee now,

*Life struggles hard, but it must yield at last.
 Death's hand is come, and all my Torments past.*

(Die)

Seg. What have I seen? Grief stifles all my words:
 From this sad place I will in haste remove,
 Colder'd shall be this body after this;

*In a close Cell I'll waste my Life away,
 And never wish to see the open day.*

(Exit)

Gab.

Gab. Comfort your self my dearest *Cleopista*,
 Within we'll know this most unhappy story.
 It may be when that's known you will not be so grieved,
 But think them much more happy in their Deaths.
 Sir, (My honoured Uncle now)
 After the decent burial of these three,
 We'll then begin to think upon our Nuptials,
 And may it prove a happier marriage than this last :

*Let no one censure poor Cornaro's Fate,
 But think it hard, he was Unfortunate :
 Tho' Virtue here han't met its due Regard,
 There is a place where it must have Reward.*

(Exeunt Omnes.

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